John Bull, January 3, 1931
No. 1264.
Vol. XLIX.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

End those pains in your face and neck!

Agonising twitches in your face and neck, sudden darts of pain—these are bad enough in themselves, but they are symptoms of something much worse, a breakdown in your nervous system. End them. End them to relieve yourself of present pain and to remove a future danger, too.

End them with Wincarnis, for it is the ideal nerve tonic. With a delicate flavour and bouquet that make it a delicious beverage, Wincarnis is also an ideally compounded tonic. To the phosphates and mineral salts of the 2½ lbs. of grapes required for the wine in every bottle are added the strength-giving properties of a pure beef extract, and finally the essence of a vitamin-guaranteed malt extract.

No wonder Wincarnis affords certain relief in all cases of nervous disorder. It positively creates rich, new blood to soothe and to restore the jaded, restless nerves. It builds up the invalid and the tired, work-worn man and woman. It brings new life to the aged and infirm. It is a perfect tonic in a delicious form.

And its effect is so rapid you will feel it do you good with the first glass you take. If nervousness is spoiling your sleep, Wincarnis will end your restless nights at once. Prove it to-day. Take a glass at 11, another at 3.30 and a third before you retire, and you will sleep better than you have for years. You will wake in the morning restored, refreshed, reinvigorated.

We have actually received more than 18,000 recommendations from medical men. No other tonic holds so many, no other has the same amazing expert backing.

Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will gladly supply you, but if you prefer to try it before you buy, send 4d. to cover postage on a "baby" trial bottle to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Dept. H, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

W.6

LET JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE

A GIFT WORTH

John Bull's Great Free Family Insurance Gift continues its triumphant career for 1931. The Benefits set forth below—the most practical ever offered—came into force January 1st, 1931. They supersede and cancel all lists of Benefits previously published. If taken out through an Insurance

WHAT "JOHN BULL" GIVES £4 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or an outbreak of fire.

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the Registered Reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2—per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

£200—should the Registered Reader and his wife (permanently residing together) be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto; or

£100—in the case of the death of either under similar circumstances.

£5—for a fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£300—loss caused by Storm, Tempest or Flood to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by Lightning or Thunderbolt to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by explosion of Gas or Domestic Boilers to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by bursting of Hot-water Pipes or Heating Apparatus to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by Aeroplanes, Airships or Other Aerial Craft to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£2,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together), by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering the home for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£3—will be paid to the parent, being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist (humerus, radius or ulna), broken leg above the ankle (femur, tibia, or fibula), or fractured skull (cranium), as under:—

In accident to train, tram, 'bus, taxi, or other public vehicle, or whilst a pedestrian in the street struck by a moving vehicle, or while taking part in any sport or game, or while at home or at school, excepting accidents of employment.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

£10 10s.—in the case of husband and wife, or

£5 5s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (morbilli), Smallpox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Push-ball, or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£2—per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

WIRELESS BENEFIT

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and Supports licensed to and owned by him at his or her private address as registered.

PROTECT YOU THROUGHOUT 1931

25/- TO YOU!

Company, they would cost you 25/- per annum. Present registered readers are qualified for the 1931 Benefits. They should not re-register unless they have changed their address or their newsagent. If you are not already registered fill in the Registration Forms on page 27.

CONDITIONS

(a) This scheme applies only to Registered readers residing in and personal effects situated in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Is'ands, or the Isle of Man, but excepting Ireland so far as benefits under the Riot Clause. Provided that any Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement, or sickness.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen and under seventy years of age registered with JOHN BULL as having personally signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL, which has been continuously received and paid for.

(c) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, JOHN BULL, 128, Long Acre, W.C., as to accident benefits within seven days, fire and household benefits within forty-eight hours, and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his own expense. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of facts shall disqualify any application.

(d) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or if suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(f) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct and sole result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children (if any).

(g) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such insurance. Money in cash or otherwise excluded.

(h) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(j) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house, being of permanent construction, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(l) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed, and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL, also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time.

(m) In order to comply with the requirements of the law, the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is over £1,497,000.

(n) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

During 1930 no fewer than 12,285 cheques were paid to registered readers. Since the inception of this scheme OVER 60,000 BENEFITS HAVE BEEN PAID.

Fill in the Registration Forms Now, on Page 27.

No huskiness
No throat trouble
No morning cough
since I've smoked
CRAVEN "A"

'change to

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

said the doctor 'they're

MADE SPECIALLY

to prevent

sore throats'

20 for 1/-

Craven "A" Mixture — blended for the particular smoker. Flat Pocket Tins, 1 oz. 1/1; 2 oz. 2/2. Carreras Ltd., London

JOHN BULL,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Hedgically, London.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Jan. 3, 1931. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

America Predicts New European War

Cutting Down the Commons
Snobs and India

A SENSATIONAL private letter issued by a Washington intelligence bureau to a number of heads of businesses states "that the possibility of a European war within three to five years, involving U.S. either directly or indirectly, is playing a big part in administration policies."

This statement is based on the results of private consultations with official and unofficial authorities in international affairs."

* * *

Whatever we in Britain may think of the amazing disclosure, it at the least provides an insight into the minds of modern America which is well to note.

In fact, so "interesting" is the letter considered that a copy has been brought over by an eminent Englishman and sent to the Cabinet.

Seething

How about the rest of the world in this the beginning of 1931?

France stays content with her wealth and freedom from the terrible problem of unemployment.

* * *

Italy, despite the sabre-rattling speeches of Mussolini, is in an economic position even worse than Germany. But—a big but—if you can make war in speeches you can't fight it on verbal recriminations.

A truly disconcerting feature of New Year 1931 is the secret accumulation of war materials in many countries.

Everybody at Geneva knows this; yet not a word is heard about it in England.

Why?

* * *

And Germany's position needs watching. She is full of internal trouble, and nobody knows what may happen a few months hence.

In inner Government circles, however, confidence is expressed that Germany will pull through—but only just about.

Busman's holiday

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is more intimately informed on the situation in Palestine than some of his political opponents think.

For the last few months his great personal friend Lord Noel-Buxton has ostensibly been holiday-making in Egypt.

He has been in Egypt part of the time, it is true. But we also know that he was in Palestine as well, and that what he saw has been told to the Premier.

"Axing" the Commons

If Parliament passes the Representation of the People Bill this year the membership of the House of Commons will be reduced from 615 to 604.

That will mean economy in Parliamentary time by stopping a little of the talk and a saving to the State of £4,400 a year in salaries to the "axed" eleven.

The members who are to be dispensed with—according to present arrangements—are those representing the universities. At present there are eleven university constituencies—and four of the seats are held by Oxford and Cambridge.

Among those members affected will be Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. John Buchan, Sir Charles Oman and Miss Eleanor Rathbone.

Who staggers?

Those who feel appalled at our unemployment figures should study the latest estimates of the United States Labour Federation:

4,800,000 now; 7,000,000 by the end of the winter.

Staggering figures!

The dough rises

Look out for an increase in price for steel. Movements, helped from official sources abroad, will be upwards.

In this way the prices of other commodities will rise.

When such prices are below cost of production it is a bad thing for business.

At the same time, this move must be closely watched, lest the pendulum swings too far in the other direction.

Clash or cuddle

The Conservatives are hoping to be able to turn out the Government over the Trade Disputes Bill. They think they will get enough Liberal support to do it.

Is Mr. Birkett a sign of peace?

Their plan is not likely to succeed. The Government will make such concessions to the Liberals as will enable the majority of them to support the Bill and out-vote the Tories.

The appointment of Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., as chairman of the Liberal Committee that is to examine the Bill and afterwards negotiate with the Attorney-General is evidence that there is a conciliatory spirit abroad.

Had the Liberals appointed Sir John Simon it would have been a sign of war. But they did not appoint him.

A short-circuit

Rumours from New York seriously credit the intention of Congress to promote a national referendum on Prohibition: also that the Post Office want to charge more for postage.

Also—mark this—there may be legislation to tax "short sales" or gambling of securities on Wall Street. Does Mr. Snowden know?

He's a great gentleman

A snob squasher

Some Europeans in India do not welcome the appointment as Viceroy of Lord Willingdon, who takes up his duties in April.

These are the snobbish set who fear that there may be a relaxation of the social code at New Delhi and Simla.

Lord Willingdon is a great gentleman. As a Presidency Governor in Bombay and Madras he insisted on absolute equality of social treatment as between comparable classes of Europeans and Indians.

He will do the same thing again as Viceroy.

This is a matter in which Indian opinion is particularly sensitive—and we are glad that Lord Willingdon will squash the snobs

Newspaper changes

Early in the New Year, Fleet Street will find the editors of several national newspapers playing musical chairs.

Changes are being made which will involve the replacement of the editor of one Sunday paper and a shuffling among three dailies.

The editor of a famous democratic journal will retire to take charge of an equally famous Conservative one.

His place will be filled by one of the chiefs of a group which, while Conservative, has not been unswerving in its support of Mr. Baldwin.

Police chief to retire

Speculation runs high in police circles as to the possible successor of a chief inspector who is one of the Yard's ten leading detectives.

Retirement is mooted, but as there are several detective-inspectors in the orthodox line of seniority as possible candidates for the vacant chair, many rumours are afloat.

We can say quite definitely that the post will be filled by a comparatively young man from a West End division, and that brains rather than length of service are guiding the selection.

Why not retaliate?

The International Shipping Conference will meet in London shortly to consider the question of "flag discrimination," which has arisen through the attitude of the Portuguese towards foreign shipping.

At present, contrary to a League of Nations agreement, the Portuguese charge foreign ships higher port-dues than those applicable to their own vessels.

What is more, foreigners must pay in gold—many times more valuable than the paper-money with which the Portuguese may pay.

Constant representations to their Government have had little effect. We suggest that the conference should discuss retaliations.

You saw it

As a remedy for the lack of employment in our shipyards, Sir Edward Archdale, Minister of Agriculture for Northern Ireland, has suggested dumps for ships, similar to those in America for motor-cars.

"The scrapping of obsolete tonnage now in use would mean adequate work in the shipbuilding industry," says Sir Edward.

We are interested to learn that the Minister's views coincide with those expressed by John Bull some weeks ago.

Ninety vessels, many of them obsolete, are now laid up on the Tyne, where 20,000 shipyard workers are idle. And there are 30,000 hungering for work on the Clyde.

Here is a practical job in hand.

Russian hearts of oak

It sounds strange, on the face of it, to learn that the Admiralty is buying Russian timber and materials for use in the Navy.

Mr. Alexander, the First Lord, however, assures us that Russian material is only bought when there is no suitable British supply.

He adds, too, that the amount of Russian material bought since he has been in charge of the Navy is considerably less than under Lord Bridgeman, his Conservative predecessor.

That also seems strange—when we remember how bitterly anti-Red was "Willie" Bridgeman.

Cocktail juice

A powerful group of temperance advocates is collecting evidence of the growing consumption of absinthe in this country, with a view to asking for a ban to be imposed on its sale.

They allege that the procuring of absinthe is being made very easy, especially to university students, who can get it neat if they want it as well as in cocktail form

During the last nine years no fewer than 14,428 gallons have been imported, and it is alleged that the laws of certain Continental countries are being broken so that supplies can be shipped here.

Something doing

The last evidence of activity in the Ministry of Mines before the break-up of Parliament was an enquiry by the secretariat into the Emergency Powers Act.

The various conciliation attempts in the coalfields were considered so perilously near to breakdown that the Government ascertained what compulsory powers it possessed.

This is grave news. But if it means that the Government is determined on strong action when such is called for; it will have salutary effect.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

CONTINUED

Meaty!

The Minister of Health has admitted to Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., that a proportion of the carcases of mutton and lamb imported from Argentina and Chile are infected, and that under the prevailing system not all the carcases imported are examined.

• • •

Mr. Thorne alleges that meat from some of the infected carcases is getting through into the butchers' shops and to the public.

In order to evade inspection, he says, quantities of legs, shoulders, sides and saddles are being cut from diseased carcases and imported in those small pieces.

He is going to bring a number of actual cases to the notice of the Minister.

And the K.C. was O.K.

Opinion inside the Cabinet is that in Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., the Government is going to have a very useful addition to the Front Bench.

Lady Passfield was one of the tutors

Unlike some of the lawyers who have joined the Labour Party, he has had a really first-class education in the rudiments of Labour policy.

And not everybody knows who his tutors were. They are his "Uncle Sidney and Auntie Beatrice," as he calls them—Lord and Lady Passfield.

In addition, of course, he has picked up a few things from his father—Lord Parmoor.

Big African game

Ostensibly in order to test the possibility of transporting troops by air from one part of the Empire to another, Lord Amulree has sanctioned a flight of a squadron of aerial troopships from Cairo to the Cape and back again.

This very costly flight will prove nothing that is not known already, and to the modern fighter and bomber in time of war these slow giants would be like kite balloons.

If, like the Italian squadron's flight, it is intended as a "prestige" stunt, that is a different matter.

Strictly neutral

The Trades Union Congress is dissatisfied with the membership of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance and has asked the Prime Minister to receive a deputation to discuss it.

The trades unions consider they should have had a representative, especially as many union leaders have had long and intimate experience in working the Insurance Act.

Mr. MacDonald is not likely to give way to them, however, nor to any demands for representation from the employers.

Blind!

Although he pleaded that his light has just gone out, a lad named Discombe was fined 10s. for having no light on his bicycle, and 20s. for driving to the common danger.

The Croydon magistrates who imposed this double penalty also had to consider the case of a person of twenty-one, who was proved to have stolen a motor-cycle worth £85. They bound him over!

Young Discombe's father is annoyed. We sympathise with him.

Poser and position

One of the most capable and picturesque members of the Labour Party is looking around just now for an honourable way out of a difficult position.

He won his seat from a sitting Conservative at the last election, and the turnover, in this case, was almost entirely due to the newcomer's own popular personality.

Now he has the chance of securing a most congenial appointment with a northern municipality, but his resignation from the House would almost certainly result in the seat being lost to Labour.

That is his problem. We'll announce the result later.

Rags in tatters

Many close consultations have lately been held at Scotland Yard on the question of bogus newspapers.

There are now more than a dozen such publications and the menace is growing. Some have played a big part in foisting worthless shares upon unwary investors, and all are designed to that end.

It is good that attention is now being paid to the problem.

Sailor! sailor!

Honour to whom honour is due.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company is trying to get in touch with fifteen seamen who were serving on its tanker steamship, *British Viscount*, four months ago.

It has some money to give them.

The captain of the ship made advances to the crew at Buenos Aires and recovered it from them at the rate of 11.45 pesos to the pound.

"As, however, the prevailing rate was 13.64, over-deductions have been made, and we are desirous of making refunds to the men," says the firm, which has asked the Seamen's Union to help in tracing them.

Oh, Taffy!

The caretaker of Llangollen Rural District Council office has been given an increase. She will receive two shillings a week instead of a shilling!

What is more, the council has presented her with an honorarium of £1.

For fourpence a day the caretaker, a widow, cleans the office—providing her own materials and the firewood.

Have we said enough?

The British spirit

Commander Kenworthy is pressing the Navy, the Air Force and the Army all very hard to switch over from imported petrol to petrol that has been distilled from British coal.

He is very pressing

He has already secured assurances that the home product is being experimented with, and that the tests so far are very successful.

His aim, he tells us, is twofold. First, to render our forces independent of foreign supply in the event of war, and, second, to find a new use for British coal and help to bring back prosperity to the industry.

Sorry, Chevalier

We regret that the authorities of Cardiff have found it necessary to ban Maurice Chevalier's songs, and that Bristol and Newcastle look like taking similar action.

The great French artist made his reputation by hard work and clean hitting; that there should be the slightest question of "taste" in his public exhibitions now that he need not pander to innuendo—far too prevalent nowadays—seems a pity.

Chevalier should remember his countrymen's tag: *Toujours la politesse!*

Long-firm

In recent articles we have exclusively predicted renewed activity on the part of long-firm tricksters, and have even named certain offenders.

Now we can anticipate a sensational prosecution at either the Guildhall or the Mansion House Police Court, London, early in the new year, in which some astounding revelations will be made. For the moment we must say no more.

Not "mother"

We sincerely trust that the four out of the ten remaining illegitimate children of Arthur Townley and Nellie Lees, of Ashton-under-Lyne, have been removed from the custody of their parents for ever.

The pair have both gone to jail for cruelty to three of the children, but the sentence should have included the clause that they should never see the little ones again.

The boy of eight caught fire in bed, but the callous mother merely ripped off his blazing night-shirt, and, without stopping to administer treatment, dashed off to a public-house.

It did not matter that the child lay hovering between life and death.

The sacred word "mother" cannot be applied to such a woman.

Crippling the cripple

Mr. Clifford Butler, of Stanley Road, Leyton, is a crippled boot repairer, fifty-seven years old; his wife is an invalid.

For twenty-seven years Butler was in business in a lock-up shop in Leyton High Road as a quarterly tenant, but the property was sold to the local council for road improvements and his landlord gave him notice to quit.

Although his business was worth at least £400, the council offered him a niggardly £30 to leave a few weeks earlier than his notice stipulated.

But Butler's biggest grievance is this: no immediate steps were taken to demolish the shop, and the property has been leased to a kinema company.

Why was he not at least allowed to remain until demolition began, so that he could transfer his connection elsewhere?

An unscoured canteen

Despite Miss Bondfield's assurance that canteen work is admirable employment for out-of-work mill-girls, there are certain aspects of the Labour Ministry's policy that are open to criticism.

Mr. Bromley, M.P., has brought the case of Miss Doris Wade, an eighteen-year-old Barrow-in-Furness girl, to her notice.

Miss Wade was asked to leave home and take up a canteen job 200 miles away. Because she refused, her benefit was stopped.

And her case is typical of scores of others in Lancashire.

"Down under" indeed

Mr. Ifor G. Davies, of Eldon Cottage, Tal y Sarn, Wales, is in Australia. He looks like staying there. His wife is worse, almost, than widowed.

He went "down under," he claims, with a batch of Welsh slatewarkers, but there was no work for him to do. For this he blames Australia House for leading him into the mistake.

But the Federal Government refuses to pay his fare home, and the latest news of him is that he is eking out a miserable and idle existence on a daily diet of barley-soup.

Perhaps now the Australian High Commissioner will act.

Three, not two

Our recent article on the working conditions of firemen evoked a flood of correspondence. The grievance is even deeper-seated than we suspected.

Several London firefighters have informed us that they are far from satisfied with the two-shift system which we referred to as being a boon compared to the week-long, non-stop duty of many in the provinces.

We agree. While the Londoners are, of course, much better off than their country comrades, what is needed is a three-shift system everywhere.

Puppy

William Green, of Stevenage, Hertfordshire, earns our contempt.

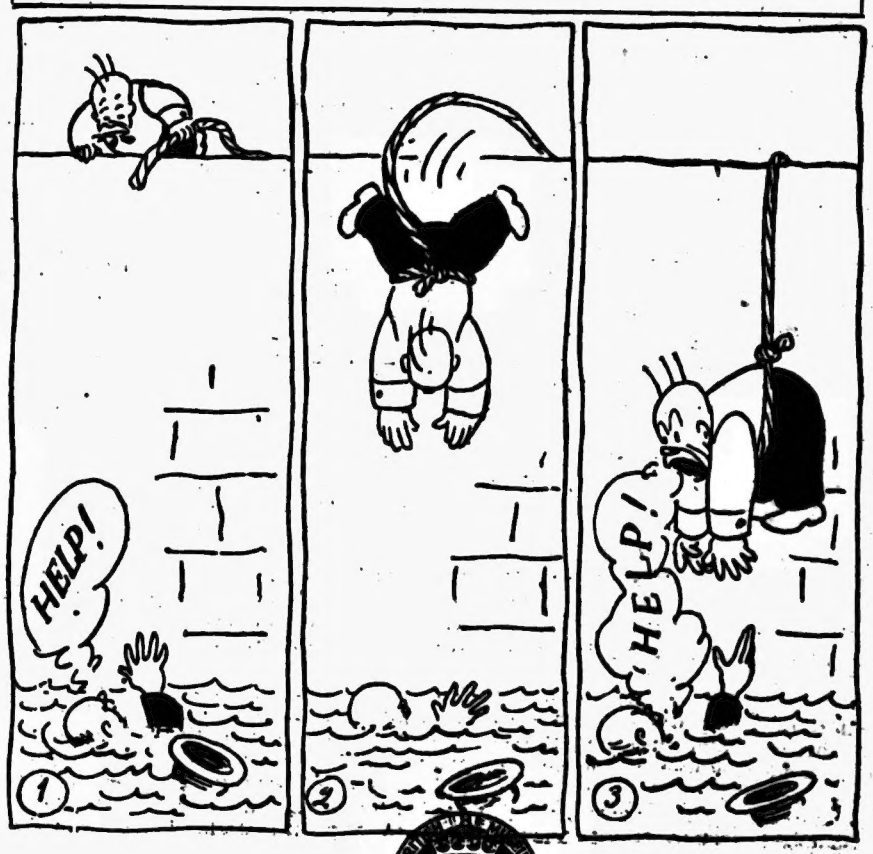
When a woman, living at Penarth, Glamorganhire, sent him the price of a Welsh terrier puppy he despatched the helpless creature to her in a sort of coffin.

The puppy was 15 in. long and 10 in. high. The box in which it travelled from Hertfordshire to Wales was only 13½ in. long and 6¾ in. in depth.

There were no air-holes; the tacks holding the label protruded through the wood, and every time the puppy attempted to stand it received a wound in the head.

They fined Green £3 with costs. We should like to put him in a 4 ft. square box, lined with barbed wire!

ADAMSON'S— —*Strife Line*



Mr. J. H. Maggs

THE GREAT FOOD FOLLY

by SIR CHARLES FIELDING

Director-General of Food Production during the War, and now a large agriculturist

Startling but—

The figures given by the writer are arresting, but the remedy seems Utopian. What do these three Rulers of the Food Kingdom think of it? They represent milk, bread and meat; across the page, Mr. J. H. Maggs; left, Sir M. A. Robertson; above, Lord Vestey

THE Government's step in creating a Consumers' Council is, I suppose, due to a desire to curb retail profiteering and placate that important person, the town voter.

I have little confidence in the rojected organisation alone curing our ills.

If politicians want to gain votes, let them ow British working people how retail food n be cheapened by diverting two-thirds of e middleman waste and excess profits for vision between the townsman consumer and e farmer-producer.

This would make the retail price of food if all that we use were produced, as it could , in the United Kingdom—cheaper than im- rted stuff under present conditions.

I have written at length elsewhere on how is could be done. Here I propose to confine yself to that vital matter which concerns the nnecessary costs and, in many cases, extrava- nt profits of those numerous and often sur- us intermediaries who stand between the oducer and consumer.

Every time a British housewife buys a 4 lb. af she is paying for it anything up to 3d. too uch. We have never, since the war, enjoyed e simple luxury of good, reasonably priced ead. There are too many interests gainst it.

N the first place, the trade in wheat is largely in the hands of a few firms. From 40 to 50 per cent. of our imports is in all probability handled by three great groups companies little known to anyone.

Millers, again, have their own combines, sily powerful enough to control the baker's rices. Then, unless the baker's plant is odern and large-scale, he cannot produce heaply and efficiently.

Finally, among bakers themselves exists e most wasteful competition in distribution. can be noted in any town or hamlet. Three four vans come there every day.

One van, fully loaded, could carry the lot. nstead, any number of vans are employed, ith a half, quarter, even a 10 per cent. load. ransport upkeep is a big item. Roundsmen's ages must be paid.

Only a large, organised business can make oney and sell reasonably. The small, ill- rganised bakery lives from hand to mouth. s owner protests there is no possibility of wering prices.

One business makes profits, the other a are living. At the end of the scale is the nsumer, paying far more than the article worth.

Of the 7,000,000 tons of wheat we consume nnually in Britain, it is estimated that 800,000 tons are used for making bread. That after allowing for water in the baked bread, 900,000 tons of bread are sold.

As the householder pays 3d. too much for ch 4 lb. loaf, the total amount spent on bread emingly in excess of what it actually costs produce is about £50,000,000 per year.

Figures are startling with regard to meat. produced statistics in 1923 which disclosed that, allowing for a reasonable profit to the butcher, a total annual surplus of £156,000,000 was going into middlemen's profits, wasteful distribution, bad management and excess profit in the meat industry.

The bulk of this enormous surplus remains to-day.

Figures show that the consumer does not benefit from the huge foreign-meat import. Argentine and English dead beef remain extremely close in wholesale price. Differences are lost during transit to the consumer.

Immense profits are, of course, made from this vast foreign-meat trade, but they largely go to the importer and to those who act as intermediaries between him and the housewife.

I believe this is called Free Trade. But I am no politician. I wish only to contend that there might be less against this system if the consumer had his proper share in the benefits.

But all that happens is that these conditions permit vast fortunes to be muddled away or made by the importing interests; huge numbers of intermediaries handle produce at a profit, although they provide almost no practical benefit to the consumer.

Finally, the trade is allowed to indulge in the most fantastic competition through the medium of expensive transport, retail overlapping and inefficient methods for which only the consumer pays.

Milk provides a further instance of consumer-bleeding. London milk-dealers in combine have just compelled the farmers who supply the metropolis to accept a contract of 3½d. a quart over the next year.

The combine milkmen announce that they will charge the housewife an average price of 6½d. per quart. The farmer has to pay carriage to London. If the milk men and boys take round 150 quarts a day and get 50s. a week each, the distribution costs will be just over ½d. per quart.

WHAT happens to the other 2½d.? In the last Census of Production Return it is shown that 850,000,000 gallons of milk were annually sold off farms for dairy distribution to the consumer.

This means that over £30,000,000 which the consumer pays, and the producing farmer, the railway and the roundsmen do *not* get, is dissipated in some way that is puzzling to discover.

A large proportion of it is, of course, wasted in muddle and want of organised distribution. The milk combines cannot be absorbing the whole of the sum in profits.

Vast quantities of food are allowed to go to rot every year in the United Kingdom. Yet when the housewife goes to buy, she finds it increasingly difficult to make her money go round.

This is entirely due to the present vicious practice among middlemen and retailers of selling small quantities at a large profit rather than large quantities at a moderate profit.

A great fruit-grower in the West of England was recently compelled to allow 50,000 lb. of the finest fruit grown in this country to rot on the bushes. The price offered in the open market did not pay the cost of picking.

But had you or I enquired for similar quality fruit at a shop we should have been charged a price one quarter of which would have been enough to permit the grower to send his fruit to market.

It is the same with vegetables. Farmers were this spring forced to sell their potatoes at 20s. per ton—8 lb. for 1d.—though they may have cost four times as much as that to grow.

Did any housewife get hers at even 4 lb. a penny?

NOW there is only one way to end this state of affairs, and that is reform based, in the first instance, upon home production and at the same time improved and large-scale organisation for preparation and distribution.

Why should not a Food Board be established on the model of the Metropolitan Water Board to supervise the preparation and distribution of bread, milk and possibly meat?

Such an authority could show the millers and bakers how to convert wheat and water into bread and charge the public less than 150 per cent. above what is paid to the farmer for his wheat.

There is a difference between State Socialism and the direction of industry to help the consumer and save him from paying 150 per cent. above what the farmer gets for his meat.

Reasonable rules and regulations could prevent half-a-dozen milkmen and bakers going over the same ground and thus running up the price of milk and bread.

Will those who are willing to be active in the nation's interest help to cut the present fantastic price differences which stand between the farmer's field and the consumer's table?

Once this is done, home production will be stimulated and agriculture revived. A thriving agriculture is the basis of national prosperity.

THE WANGLE WITHIN THE TANGLE

CANDID COMMUNICATION

Sir HORACE WILSON, K.C.B., *Chief Industrial Adviser to H.M. Govt.*

DEAR SIR HORACE,—Your new appointment has now produced its first job for you—to sort out the cotton tangle in Lancashire. I don't envy you.

The notices recently posted by the many manufacturers' associations have merely made confusion worse confounded.

There is no agreement among them. Some demand ten looms per man, others eight, and others still say, "As you were!"

But here's a little inside information for you.

While owners are delivering ultimatums demanding ten looms per man, a Lancashire machine is being made with which one man can work fifty looms.

But Lancashire isn't buying it. That machine is being exported almost solely to Japan, our strongest competitor. And a Japanese can live on the smell of an oil-rag

Does this look like steaks and ale for Lancashire in 1931?

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. A. GREENWOOD, M.P., *Minister of Health*

DEAR SIR,—Fogs may blow away, but they have a nasty habit of returning.

I appeal to you—and know I do not often appeal to you in vain—to ginger up those who can mitigate this ancient nuisance, and prevent millions of loss to the public—and the traders.

The public is alarmed by the finding of the Belgian enquiry that many people and animals were killed by gases dissolved by fog from the smoke of factories.

I know, you know, the public knows that there is an effective smoke-catching apparatus, and that in big industrial plants money can actually be made out of the soot deposits.

JOHN BULL.

The Lord Bishop of LONDON, *Fulham Palace, London, S.W.*

MY LORD BISHOP,—You are a wonderful old chap!

Nearing your seventy-third birthday, playing in a hockey-match between the Old Marlburians and Radley College at Fulham, you scored three goals for the Marlburians, and only dense fog stopped your further prowess.

You charged into the fray with the vigour of a schoolboy, and chaffed another player for being puffed!

Good luck to you, and may it be a long time before you yourself are puffed.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES BARRIE, O.M., *3, Adelphi Terrace House, London, W.C.*

DEAR J. M. B.—So your Christmas Day was spent in bed. I would have liked your dreams and your faery visitors—Peter Pan, Wendy, McConachie and the rest.

If out of those dreams should emerge another wonder-book to charm us, your illness will have been our joy. Meanwhile, a grateful nation trusts your health is now well restored.

We cannot be happy while the hand that writes for our dreams lies on the counterpane of the sick-bed.

JOHN BULL.

Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, M.P., *50, Romney Street, London, S.W.*

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to notice that you intend to introduce a Bill that will prevent men from "willing" away their money from their wives and children.

Last week, in JOHN BULL, Viscount Astor stated that he had been "intimately concerned for some time with attempts to introduce legislation" with the same end in view.

He gave instances of real cruelty on the part of husbands who had literally robbed their families of their legitimate rights.

Your Bill, I understand, will be backed by M.P.s of all Parties. With this help in the House of Commons and the "concern" of the Viscount in the House of Lords, your Bill should have an easy passage.

And not before it is needed.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM WATERLOW, K.B.E., *5, Balfour Place, London, W.*

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Did fate ever play so ironic a prank?

For a century and a half your family has been building up an historic printing business second to none of its kind in the world. It has printed the bank-notes for world Powers.

Along comes a cunning Hollander crook, who induces the firm to print a million of what afterwards prove to be false notes, and a British judge must give £500,000 damages to the Bank of Portugal.

The order was worth comparatively little, which makes the irony the more acute.

But hold your head high, Sir William. The name of the firm does not suffer. Life is like this—that's all.

It might have happened to anybody.

JOHN BULL.

FRANK GRIFFITHS, *Bolton-upon-Dearne, Yorks*

YOU YOUNG FIEND,—You are only in jail for a month. It ought to have been a year—with lashes.

Because the little two-year-old baby of your housekeeper cried with whooping-cough and annoyed you, you behaved like the lowest beast.

You rubbed its little head on the floor until there were wood splinters in its face and jaw; you knocked it off a stool, swung it round by its legs and left finger-prints on its throat.

Is this Darkest Africa or Bolton-upon-Dearne?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P., *President, Board of Trade*

DEAR SIR,—A stitch in time saves—does it not?—nine. Four months ago the court of enquiry investigating the Cornish coast yacht disaster, in which Commander King, M.P., lost his life, recommended that there should be a big probe into coastguard arrangements.

I, personally, followed that by telling you that the coastguard system was inefficient and inadequate. I told you that I could prove it—and I can.

But what have you done? Nothing. Four months have passed. Can it be your intention to await the advent of another disaster which will again focus public attention on this scandal?

Rely on me, sir, to remind you of your duty in this matter.

JOHN BULL.

A Fog-Poison Menace

Wicked Wills Push The Baby-thrasher

Miss WINIFRED SPOONER, *Wokingham, Berkshire*

DEAR WINIFRED,—While you were absent from this country on your gallant but little-boomed, attempt to beat record flight to the Cape, many rumours linked with your name.

So much so indeed, that it was thought expedient officially to discount the more serious at the *R101* enquiry.

You returned modestly. Even when your home-town honoured you recently, you made light of the fact that you, a girl, swam for two hours in icy foreign waters to aid your male companion when the 'plane crashed in the darkness.

That, Winifred, was wonderful. Your name will be in the history-books of British flying. And good will, not gossip, will follow your next big flight.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. GEO. LANSBURY: "I have a soft sort of place in my make-up which makes me enjoy being anywhere where something is being done for others."

The finest gospel in the world, dear George.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.: "Now that so many other careers are open to women marriage has to take its chance with the rest."

It always has done, and remains first favourite.

SIR JAMES JEANS: "The material universe appears to be passing away like a tale that is told."

But we still get the same old shock every quarter-day!

Not from the B.B.C.—Panto Patter by Sir Arnold Wilson, Chairman of the Industrial Health Research Board.

What A NERVE!

I AND the experts under my direction
Have studied all the symptoms and the signs
Of ev'rything that has the least connection
With health in industry. Between the lines
We read with skill, and find out what's the matter,
If profits are too low or costs too high;
And words of wisdom solemnly we scatter,
To illustrate the wherefor and the why.

If the typist should seem heavy-eyed and fretful,
And her nerves show signs of being rather frayed;
If the office-boy's abstracted and forgetful
On the day a football-match is being played;
If the chief accountant cannot get his figures
To balance, and, in language hot and strong,
Abuses his subordinates like niggers—
I am the man to tell you what is wrong!

Let me, for example, bring to your notice my Board's latest effort—issued at the taxpayers' expense—in the form of a chatty essay on "The Nervous Temperament."

We have studied the reactions of 1,000 workers, from the office-boy upward, when sent for by the boss, and have made the epoch-making discovery that most of them are mildly apprehensive, some—even when they have done nothing wrong—feel a sense of guilt, and many shake at the knees.

It has been suggested that if these investigations had been made during Christmas week those who answered the dread summons of the Big White Chief might have experienced merely a sense of curiosity as to whether the old man was going to "spring a quid" or announce that—er—owing to the bad times, the firm was unable to—er—give the usual Christmas presents.

But such an investigation would not have contributed to the sacred cause of efficiency, which we keep constantly in view.

Already the Board has issued sixty-one reports dealing with aspects of industrial fatigue and has made many valuable discoveries, such as that some workers tire sooner than others, and some forms of work are more monotonous than those which are less monotonous!

Unfortunately, employers are inclined to scoff at our learned essays on telegraphist's cramp and the causes of hysteria in typists, while manual workers have a sordid habit of being more interested in wages than in the nice adjustment of temperament to environment.

Still, we are not discouraged, and hope in time to psycho-analyse and cross-index all classes of workers.

We hope to learn just why fatigue
Is felt by those who slave
In mines for many hours a day,
So that we may devise some way
Their energies to save.

When work makes workers weary, then
There's surely something wrong—
Some failure to adjust the nerves
To certain auras, peaks or curves,
As we shall show e'er long.

When we have finished, work will seem
A pleasure, rich and rare,
To all—and the millennium
Upon us with a rush will come,
Marked "This side up with care!"

My Prophecy for 1931

by A. G. GARDINER

In the mystic chart of the future :—Mr. Maxton, Sir O. Mosley, Mr. MacDonald, Sir J. Simon, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Walter Runciman and Mr. Churchill.

A REQUEST has been made to me to read the horoscope of 1931 in the terms of the personalities who are prominent on the political stage.

I lay no claim to the gifts that are attributed to Old Moore, and I cannot pretend that any forecasts I may venture to make have any greater chance of fulfilment than the tips of the seers who give us daily the dead snip for the 2.30.

But I comply because a glance at the political stable may help us to an appreciation of the course of events in the New Year.

Not the least of the disquiet of this anxious time is due to the loss of confidence in Parliament.

Its failure is flagrant and all Parties are equally discredited. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed," and all the flocks are in confusion.

The Government lives from day to day and from hand to mouth, not by its own strength, but by the ineptitude of its foes. The call for a man who can give the nation a lead out of the swamp it is in was never so urgent.

What prospect is there of the call being answered in the coming year?

Rampant rebellion

Let us look first at Mr. MacDonald. Like Mr. Hoover in America, he has had the misfortune to be in office during the deepest trough of the biggest wave since the war. And, like Mr. Hoover, his prestige has been swamped by it.

His Party is honeycombed with rebellion, rent with personal feuds and ambitions, and shattered on the most critical of all issues—the fiscal issue.

One faction revolts under the banner of Sir Oswald Mosley and another under the banner of the I.L.P. and Mr. Maxton.

Mr. MacDonald may hold the scattered fragments nominally together over the Indian Conference, but that is all. He is not cast for the part of Moses. He will not lead us out of the wilderness.

By whom will his place be taken? If ambition and audacity were enough, Sir Oswald Mosley would supply the answer. He is able, rich, courageous and industrious.

But he is a young man in a hurry. He is too obviously hungry for power. His abilities are respected, but his disinterestedness is doubted.

The Conservatives, whom he left, regard him as an adventurer, and Labour, while flattered at first by his capture, has never quite reconciled itself to his personal magnificence, which jars a little with his political rôle of a "comrade."

Strong-man stunt

His manifesto has not strengthened his position in the Party. It has widened the breach between him and the official leaders without attracting the left wing to his banner.

Indeed, Mr. Maxton and the I.L.P. have openly repudiated his manifesto as imperialist in aim, autocratic in tendency and hostile to I.L.P. policy.

In so far as Sir Oswald's move has had any success, it has been among the Die-Hard Protectionists.

I cannot see that Sir Oswald has any future with Labour, but that does not mean that he has no political future.

He is reckoning, as Mr. Lloyd George has always reckoned, on the dissolution of the Party systems, and the emergence of "the strong man" with a personal following from all ranks.

He has "jumped his claim" a little hastily, I think.

Things are bad, but they have not reached the Committee of Public Safety stage. If they do, so pushful and capable a person as Sir Oswald cannot fail to be in the picture.

My present view is that he has let off a damp squib—or, as Mrs. Hamilton, M.P., puts it, that he has "missed the boat."

All the same, Sir Oswald is a person to watch. Indeed, he will take care that we cannot help watching him.

Nor can we help watching that more engaging rebel, Mr. Maxton. Where will he drift in the New Year?

I seem to see signs of mellowing, of a tendency to shift to the right, and if Labour could stay in office long enough he might yet be seen on the Treasury bench.

But he is light timber—a match to fire, a powder-magazine, and not much more. *Vox et præterea nihil*, as the Latin tag has it.

When he ceases to be the voice of revolt there will be nothing left but a very amiable, rather idle, always fascinating personality.

My own view is that much the best asset of Labour in the New Year will be "Uncle Arthur."

He is the sheet-anchor of his Party, has good temper, wonderful horse-sense, real public spirit, and an unrivalled hold on the trade-union element, which is the backbone of Labour.

If at any time Mr. MacDonald should decide to retire, Mr. Henderson will lead Labour, and lead it well.

But he is unlikely to lead it in office. If anything can be safely predicted, it is that when the Government falls Mr. Baldwin will, for the third time, be Prime Minister.

With the surprising genius or luck he has for falling on his feet, he has suppressed the rebels, obliterated the journalistic conspiracy against his leadership, and has got a tolerably united Party behind him.

His chief problem will be Mr. Churchill. Can he include in his Cabinet a man who is so openly scornful of his tariff policy?

Three Musketeers

On the other hand, can he afford to leave such a hungry and powerful lion unfed?

It would be a great relief to Mr. Baldwin if the Epping electors would solve the difficulty for him by returning Mr. Comyns Carr and leaving their most turbulent "follower" outside the House.

That is not improbable, for no constituency has ever shown a desire to keep Mr. Churchill long.

But should he return, nothing will exclude him from the centre of the stage. If not with Mr. Baldwin, it is not impossible that he may make contracts with Mr. Lloyd George.

These two are still the most formidable individuals in the House. They are both contemptuous of Parties and frankly play a personal hand.

Under Mr. Lloyd George the Liberal Party has become a wreck, rich in able men—Sir John Simon, Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Walter Runciman—but all at sixes and sevens for lack of a leadership it trusts and respects.

But it will serve as a useful springboard for Mr. Lloyd George's personal manœuvres, and if 1931 is as dark a year as some people anticipate, we may before its close see strange adventures afoot.

And in those adventures it would not be surprising to see Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill and Sir Oswald Mosley in the rôle of the Three Musketeers.

Homely Wisdom—by CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A TIRED MAN'S Prayer

A FEW days ago I received a pathetic request from a JOHN BULL reader. It was that I might find for him a daily prayer that would help him to overcome the growing sense of weariness and face bravely towards the close of life.

He is old, the savour of life is past, he feels isolated and solitary, there is not much comfort in looking back and less in looking forward.

The burden of infirmity presses heavily upon him: where is he to look for relief and solace?

I looked out and sent him the following beautiful prayer. I have been told—whether correctly or not I cannot say—that it was adapted by Newman from a very old English prayer dating back hundreds of years at least.

"Shepherd of souls, support us all the day long of this troublous life, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done.

"Then in Thy mercy take us home, grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen."

* * *

When I have finished writing these words I am going to drive a dozen miles or so to visit an old friend who is in a state of depression, withdrawn from the world, and yet longing for human sympathy like a frightened child lost in the dark.

I have frequently had occasion to note the presence of this state of mind in the aged and the sick; it is one of the saddest accompaniments of the ebbing of the tide of life.

I should be sorry to think it was universal—in fact, I know it is not; some of the happiest people I have met have been people who knew they had not long to live, but were quite undismayed at the prospect.

When I see a good soul, like my friend with whom I hope to spend half an hour to-day, full of doubts and fears for no reason at all, and the victim of a persistent despondency which no gleam of joy can pierce, I know it is the victory of the body over the mind.

I may be subject to it myself one day. The toxins of the flesh have power to shadow the spirit.

This is a thing to be firmly resisted. Never give in to it; it is like an enemy waiting round the corner to pounce on you the moment he sees you weakened.

Remember that it is just as true that the mind can govern the body as that the body can influence the mind. There is a duty of cheerfulness which brings a rich reward; it can give triumph over pain and distil the sweet fragrance of love.

It is the very breath of heaven, and prayer can draw it into the heart.

MAD LOTHARIO'S Girl Victim

"Isabella Farrell . . . murderously attacked"

FOR hundreds of girls up and down Britain the present is a time of heart-tearing agony.

They are the so-called mental defectives who, for no substantial reason, have been put away into institutions throughout the country which are governed by the Board of Lunacy Control.

Case after case has come to the notice of JOHN BULL in recent weeks revealing that the Board of Control is now surpassing its previous bad record of utter heartlessness.

We have now to relate two of the most terrible stories of the kind which have ever come before our Investigation Department.

The first concerns Miss Emma Smith, aged twenty-two, who is at present held captive in an institution at Dingle, Liverpool.

Since babyhood, when her father and mother died, she has been wholly maintained by her brother, Mr. John Smith, of Knighton Road, West Derby.

Taken under escort

Until a few years ago she was in his care, but, owing to a housing difficulty, she then passed into the custody of an aunt at Everton, who was paid by Mr. Smith for her maintenance.

Not long ago the aunt died, and Mr. Smith immediately made arrangements for his sister to return to him.

In the interval he had married and acquired a newly-built house, and was in a position to provide his sister with a most comfortable home.

While preparations were being made for her arrival, Mr. Smith heard that his sister had been removed under escort from the aunt's house, where she had remained after the funeral, and been taken to a home for mental defectives at Dingle.

He rushed to this institution, not only to find that the news was true, but to be staggered by the information that he had "no official existence."

His sister, he was told by the authorities, had been entered in their records as being an orphan without brothers or sisters alive.

In vain he pleaded that a ghastly mistake had been made. He produced his own and his sister's birth certificates, and proved that for seventeen years, until the day she had been spirited away to the institution, he had been responsible for her maintenance.

The officials ignored his evidence, pointed blandly to their false records, and told him to depart.

In any case, he next demanded to know why his sister was in a home for imbeciles? She was a normal, healthy young woman, about whom the slightest suggestion of mental defectiveness had never been made.

Nothing-a-week drudge

Once more the officials pointed to their records. They said they had delved into her educational reports at school—which she had left eight years before—and found that she had made somewhat slow progress in certain subjects.

That, they held, was sufficient to have her labelled as a mental defective, and, now that she has entered womanhood, to have her made prisoner in a lunacy institution.

What is happening to Miss Smith in the Dingle institution in the meantime? She must at least be receiving treatment and care as a supposed mental defective would be the natural answer.

No. From early morning until late at night, every day of the week, she is set to do the hardest kind of domestic drudgery.

She scrubs and polishes the floors, toils in the laundry, and does the dirty work in a kitchen from which a houseful of imbecile children are fed. All, of course, without a penny-piece of wages.

For weeks past Mr. Smith has been striving strenuously to get his sister released from this awful fate. The National Society for Lunacy Law Reform, his church, and other organisations have been at work.

This has annoyed the Board of Control. It considers itself above intervention.

Mr. Smith was told that if he persisted in the effort to have his sister restored, the few privileges granted to her in the institution would be withdrawn.

Now he has been informed that if he does not cease his efforts his sister will be removed to another institution in a distant part of the country, and he will be refused all access to her.

Incarcerated and set to drudgery without pay—Emma Smith

The next case is still worse. It is that of Isabella Farrell, who is a prisoner in Calderstones Asylum at Whalley, near Blackburn.

This girl, aged fourteen, went one evening to a kinema-theatre near her home in Archer Street, Liverpool.

She returned in a state of hysteria, with her clothing torn, one arm disabled at the shoulder, and bleeding from a deep scalp wound.

While walking along a deserted street she had been murderously attacked by a man.

Dangerous man

Her assailant was speedily arrested, but four months elapsed before he could be brought to trial because the girl lay twelve weeks perilously ill in hospital.

The prison doctor reported at the assizes that the man was feeble-minded and required supervision and control.

Mr. Justice Roche, declaring that the prisoner was a mischief and a danger to the community, ordered him to be detained in a mental institution.

After the trial, the girl went back to hospital.

Next day a woman, who described herself as a welfare visitor, called upon her parents at their home.

She asked if they would consent to their daughter being sent away for a brief period, which they understood was for convalescence in the country.

They signed a form of authority which the woman produced.

But they were dumbfounded when a few days later a letter came from their child bearing the address of a home for mental defectives at Calderstones.

At once the mother went there and demanded explanations. The form presented by the woman visitor was produced. Unknowingly the parents had signed away their little daughter's life-long liberty.

While at the institution the mother was permitted to see her child in a private room.

During their talk, a squad of men in blue uniforms passed the window and one of them looked in.

The mother swooned.

The face she had seen was that of the man who had attacked and violated her daughter.

Both were in the same institution!

Next day Mr. Farrell went to the asylum to confirm his wife's astonishing discovery.

He found it was only too true. Within a stone's-throw of the block where his daughter is detained he came face to face with her lunatic assailant at work in the grounds.

Every time since then that he and his wife have visited their child they have seen the man somewhere in the vicinity.

Terrible shocks

What terrible treatment for an innocent little girl! From shock and terror, she had fainted when required to identify the man at the police court and again when she saw him at the assize court.

On the ground that she had been removed from her family in this extraordinary manner, Mr. Farrell demanded his daughter's release.

His request was refused.

Then he demanded that she should at least be transferred to another institution away from the lunatic who had mauled and outraged her.

Officialdom has decided, however, that they shall remain together.

A WIDOW with Tears on Tap

WHEN a lady was shopping in the Strand, London, recently, she encountered a middle-aged woman in deep mourning, who was sobbing convulsively on the kerb.

She guided her away from the crowds into a quieter side street, and asked if she could be of any assistance.

At first the weeping woman seemed too overcome with emotion to speak, but presently she looked up tearfully and explained the cause of her grief.

* * *

Her husband, she declared, had passed away only a week or two before in tragic circumstances, having been the victim of a street accident.

She had been left to fend for three young children, and her means were sadly limited. She gave her name as Mrs. Annie Baker, and her address as in Station Road, Bedford.

Her presence in London was explained by the fact that she had come to keep an appointment with a lady whose advertisement for a cook-general she had recently answered.

They had been in correspondence, and as the job had seemed a certainty she had spent her few remaining savings on the fare.

A dreadful disappointment had awaited her. The lady's old cook, it seemed, had changed her mind and was remaining in her service.

So Mrs. Baker was in the unhappy position of being almost penniless in London, with no prospect of employment, and no means of getting back to her home and kiddies.

In the course of her narrative, Mrs. Baker produced a letter which she had received from the prospective employer, and which seemed to bear out everything she had said.

So, sympathising deeply with her, the stranger offered her a 10s. note and passed on her way.

Had she kept the widow under observation she would probably have seen her return to the busy thoroughfares to resume her kerbstone weeping act.

* * *

For Mrs. Baker is a mistress of sob-stuff, having the unique gift of being able to weep at will. She does not hail from Bedford, as she is so fond of pretending, but from Camberwell.

Complaints against her have been lodged in at least three police divisions, so if you spot her at work you will be doing the right thing by informing the nearest policeman.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Another HUGE GRAMOPHONE FIASCO

Resigned from the board one after the other: From the left —Sir F. O'Connor, Sir F. Willis, General Sir Bindon Blood

ONE of the most scandalous cases of boom-period company finance that has come to my notice is that of the Victoria Woodworking Co., Ltd.

Its unfortunate shareholders have just been asked to consider a proposition which, unless I am greatly mistaken, will finally put it out of existence.

Two years ago its issued capital was worth almost a million pounds. To-day it is scarcely worth so many pence.

Between these two figures there lies an amazing story.

Famous directors

Formed in October, 1928, as Victoria Gramophones, Ltd., it went to the public for £200,000.

Its prospectus was backed by a most imposing board of directors, including General Sir Bindon Blood, Sir Frederick Willis, and Lt.-Col. Sir Frederick O'Connor.

The new company was to take over an established gramophone-manufacturing business and boost its output up to 10,000 portable cabinets a week.

The vendor of the old company, a Mr. Samuel Leon Levy, joined the new board as managing director. The "conservative estimate" of the net profits for the first year was £65,000.

Large amounts of advertising space were taken in daily newspapers to tell the world how well the new company was getting on.

These announcements were over the name of Mr. Levy, the managing director, and more than £3,000 of the company's money was spent in this way.

Among other statements made was that the prospectus forecasts were likely to be exceeded.

It mentioned a contract obtained for 175,000 cabinets, but laid the greatest stress on the company's chief card, a new "noiseless" gramophone.

Perhaps not unconnected with this advertising campaign, the company's entire issue of 4,000,000 shilling shares rose to 5s. a share.

At the same time, I must point out, the shares began to be handled by one of the most notorious share-pushing firms which has ever defaced the City of London.

The *Financial Recorder*, the official organ of this firm, began to boom the shares. In one issue of this journal I have counted over twenty mentions of the company's prospects.

Associated with this firm were Jacob Factor and Captain Bowles, both of whom, as my readers know, have been frequently mentioned in JOHN BULL, and who came in for stringent comment in a recent court case.

The big attack

Investors were also besieged by high-speed share salesmen, by telephone calls and by telegrams.

One of my readers who subsequently took up a block of shares received four telephone calls in two days, up in the remote Yorkshire village in which he lives.

A beautifully illustrated brochure was also broadcast to investors by the *Financial Recorder*. It described the factory and the trade possibilities of the company in glowing terms.

At a meeting of the company early this year, Mr. Levy disclaimed any knowledge of the production of this booklet, though he admitted that it was illustrated by photographs taken by the company for exhibition purposes.

In spite of the mass of literature propaganda by share-pushing organisations, the first accounts were appalling.

Far from making a profit of at least £65,000, there was a trading loss of £12,720, which, with certain other amounts, made a debit balance of £34,730.

Climbed down

Among assets in the balance-sheet was the sum of £15,000, shown as a holding in a subsidiary firm known as the Kew Engineering Co., Ltd.

All the directors of this firm were directors of Victoria Gramophones, Ltd.

Concerning this amount, the auditors made the extraordinary statement: "We are unable to satisfy ourselves that the investments in the subsidiary company are worth their balance-sheet value."

At the meeting three directors did not offer themselves for re-election.

Sir Frederick Willis, who was one of them, had previously sent in a letter of resignation, which was *not* read, despite many requests.

It was announced that, in view of the financial position of the company, the directors had almost decided to go into liquidation, but had now arranged for a debenture of £20,000, involving the appointment of two new directors.

Of the vast output of gramophone components mentioned in the prospectus nothing was heard.

Silent

Of the huge contract for 175,000 cabinets, of which much was made in the Press campaign during the period when the shares were booming, it was learned that this had been subsequently cancelled by "mutual consent."

As to the much-mooted "noiseless" gramophone, the directors were more silent than even *it* could conceivably be.

It has been noiseless in the sense that it has neither been heard nor heard of.

Then the company's name was changed to the Victoria Woodworking Co., Ltd.

In August last two of the new directors resigned, together with the chairman, General Sir Bindon Blood.

Of the original directors only Mr. Samuel Leon Levy remains.

The people who were inclined to take out £20,000 debentures are not going to do so after all, and the shareholders are now asked to pass a resolution for the liquidation of the company.

Once bit—

Included in the resolution is the proposal that the whole of the assets be disposed of to a firm called the Dependable Upholstery Co., Ltd.

For every three shares they hold they will be offered one-half of a shilling share in Dependable Upholstery, Ltd., which will make an issue for the purpose.

They will then be asked to put up the other 6d. per share within a month of allotment.

Before they accept any such arrangement I trust that they will press for the fullest possible enquiry into the inception and conduct of the company in which they have lost so much money.

Queer Club "Ties"

THE International Correspondence Club, of Conduit Street, London, W.C., offers, through its secretary, Mr. A. Heelas, to arrange introductions between strangers.

It boasts members in Folkestone, Cardiff, Glasgow, Leeds, Dover, Tottenham, Devonshire, Ostend, New York, California, Australia, and Norway.

It caters for people of all classes, ranging from the age of fifteen to seventy-five; absolute secrecy is guaranteed, and the secretary asserts that he deals with each case personally.

If the organisation really extends throughout the world, as the literature claims, then Mr. Heelas must be a very busy man.

He is also somewhat daring, since he takes upon himself the responsibility of effecting introductions which, in his own words, may lead "to ultimate closer ties."

We are told that he is not a philanthropist, so to cover "very heavy advertising, stationery, printing cost, etc.," he charges 3s. entrance-fee and 2s. 6d. annual subscription. But he is most accommodating.

"I know times are rather hard with a lot of us just now," he says ingenuously, adding an exhortation to those who cannot raise 5s. 6d. to "send just what you can conveniently afford."

We cannot help feeling that Mr Heelas' introductions would be dear at any price.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Make it a HAPPY OPENING!

THE father of five children is an ex-Service man who for the last twelve months has been ill with chronic gastritis and bronchitis. Their mother is still weak from the effects of a serious operation.

Owing to this run of hard luck, their weekly rent of 11s. 10d. fell behind to the extent of £12. They were only able to keep the roof over their heads by a promise made in court that they would keep up the weekly rent, plus 2s., until the arrears were cleared.

As long as they could, they struggled to fulfil this condition. But they could not see their five young children going very short of food week after week, so they were faced with another notice to quit and another summons.

Here is daddy's explanation of his problem: "After I have paid my rent and 2s. off my arrears, I have 2s. 6d. per head to live on and pay insurance for my children, and light, and fire and clothing, and boots.

"If you ask me how I manage, I cannot tell you, but I have a good wife. I leave my house every morning with no breakfast, as there is only enough food for my children.

"They are growing, or ought to be if they had nourishing food to help them along a bit."

At the opening of the year, we present the distress of this family to our readers, giving them a chance, through "The Greatest of These ——" Fund, to make their first deed of the year the blessed one of helping a family over a stile.

All acknowledgments of contributions and gifts will be made through the post. Will anonymous donors kindly send address, for acknowledgment purposes only? All expenses of management are met by JOHN BULL.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 9s. PER LINE AVERAGING SIX WORDS, MINIMUM CHARGE, 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., M'chester.

80-PAGE wholesale Drapery Catlg.; also ABC Guide, direct from actual mfrs., free; read page 56 of "Seven Ways to Make a Living in Drapery." Example of our prices: Men's Shirts 18/11 doz., other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. R., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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EARN £3 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The IDEAL CLUB is the Talk of the Country! Big Commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. The Ideal Club leads for value! Send P.C. NOW for new catalogue and particulars.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

CLUB AGENTS wanted. — Liberal comm. Household Bargains. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and today he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

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ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Skilled Turners for training as Machine Tool Setters and Operators; single men only. Age limits on enlistment, 18 to 26 years.—Write or call, Royal Air Force Recruiting Depot, Gwydyr House, Whitehall, S.W.1.

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BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room 9B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

DANCE NOVELTIES, MONSTER PARCELS 10/- or £1. LISTS FREE. — NOVELTY STORES, MILE END ROAD, LONDON.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/4, for Socks, etc. White 3/4 Grey 2/10, Colours 3/11½ lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Berges, Tweeds, etc. Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

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A MARVELLOUS COLLECTION, showing over 200 shades and designs in guaranteed dress and lingerie materials. All 36 inches wide, at 1/4 to 2/11 per yard. Patterns with full particulars from Pryce Wright, 75, Piccadilly, Manchester. Nobody making their own garments, etc., should miss these.

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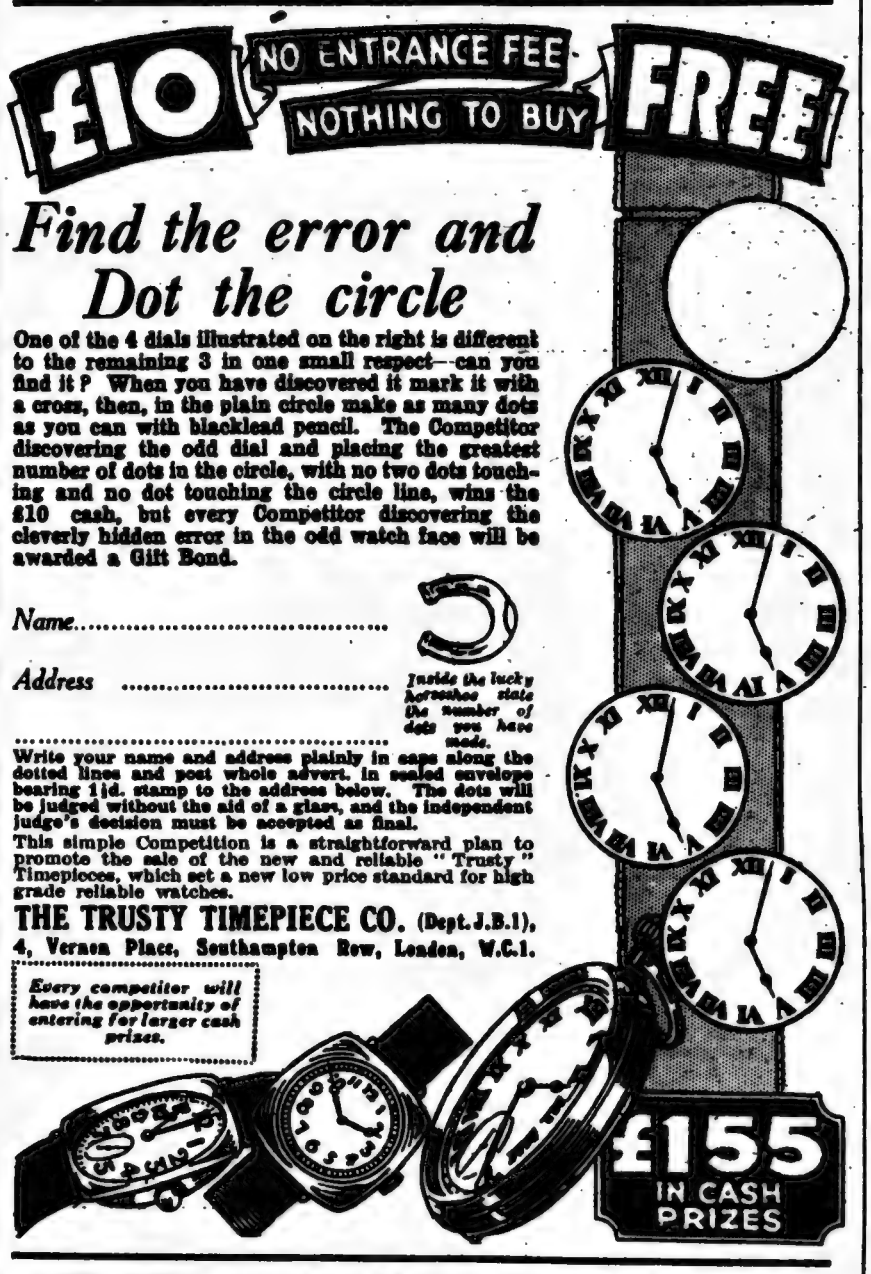
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NO ENTRANCE FEE
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Find the error and Dot the circle
One of the 4 dials illustrated on the right is different to the remaining 3 in one small respect—can you find it? When you have discovered it mark it with a cross, then, in the plain circle make as many dots as you can with blacklead pencil. The Competitor discovering the odd dial and placing the greatest number of dots in the circle, with no two dots touching and no dot touching the circle line, wins the £10 cash, but every Competitor discovering the cleverly hidden error in the odd watch face will be awarded a Gift Bond.
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Inside the lucky horseshoe state the number of dots you have made.
Write your name and address plainly in caps along the dotted lines and post whole advert. in sealed envelope bearing 1½d. stamp to the address below. The dots will be judged without the aid of a glass, and the independent judge's decision must be accepted as final.
This simple Competition is a straightforward plan to promote the sale of the new and reliable "Trusty" Timepieces, which set a new low price standard for high grade reliable watches.
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Every competitor will have the opportunity of entering for larger cash prizes.
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WRITE for the illustrated free Catalogue offered by JOHN BLANFORD on page 23. Anything you want can be obtained on easy terms, including the special offer advertised.

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IF you own a dog, write for free Specimen copy of the "DOG WORLD," the leading paper of vital interest to all dog owners—the only paper offering FREE DOG INSURANCE.—"DOG WORLD," Idle, Bradford.

DOG LOVERS should not overlook the "KARSWOOD" advt. on page 20. The 1930 "KARSWOOD" DOG BOOK, "Everybody's Dog Book," containing colour plates, sketches, diagrams, etc., is without doubt the greatest bargain ever offered to dog owners. Send for your copy now. Enclose 1/- postal order (not stamps) to Karswood, 78, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

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DOBBIE'S 1931 Catalogue and (Gardening) Guide, 184 pages, 246 illustrations, free to all readers, if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

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BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/2, 2/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

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CATARRH.—Vapo-Cresolene is a proved standby in coughs and nasal and bronchial catarrhs. Write for Free Booklet No. 49 to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. (recommended by Editor of "Health and Efficiency"), sent privately for 3d. only.—Henry Rivers (J.B.77), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

If you would like to try a small baby bottle of "WINCARNIS," simply send 4d. in stamps to cover postage, and address Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. H., Wincarnis Works, Norwich. See advt. on Front Cover.

RUPTURE SUFFERERS should turn to the Brooks offer on page 14.

A FREE SAMPLE of ANTIKAMNIA is offered on page 20.

READERS' ATTENTION is drawn to the numerous Prescriptions published by MR. SHADFORTH, the EMINENT CHEMIST, whose advt. appears on page 28. An offer is made of a free copy of the Shadforth Book with every order sent. Turn to the advt. now. It may save you a doctor's bill.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RATS and mice are attracted by RODINE. They eat it greedily, die instantly, leave no smell. Never fails. Utter extermination assured. All chemists, 7½d. and 1/3. Post 3d. extra, or direct from Rodine Works, Perth.

DUKE'S DELICIOUS JELLIED ALMONDS. YOU CAN'T STOP EATING THEM. ALL SWEET SHOPS.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the B.D.V. advt. on page 16 and receive a copy of the amazing B.D.V. Gift Book, showing the astounding coupon values to enable readers to get their gifts quickly. A Wireless Set is offered in the advt. for 300 coupons.

PRIZES are offered in the TRUSTY TIMEPIECE advt. appearing in the centre of this page.

GIFTS first, Coupons after. Send the coupon in the "NAVY CLUB" advt. on page 23, which will bring you particulars of how the full-size 3-valve Wireless Set for 495 Coupons can be obtained at once.

SEND 3d. in stamps for a sample box of PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS, as offered in advt. on page 28.—Address, Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.a, London, S.W.11.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book. Throwing a New Light on the Mystery of "Nerves." Offered Free to All Sufferers.

A genuine Testimonial:
"Such a unique and very valuable course is worth its weight in gold!"

A remarkable book, "The Conquest of Fear" (recommended by Editor of "Health and Efficiency"), describing the cause and cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia and kindred nervous disorders, sent privately to sufferers for 3d. only. Send for a copy now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

HENRY J. RIVERS (J.B.76),
40, Lambs Conduit Street, LONDON, W.C.1

Maimed Footballer's Terrible FATE

SCRAPPED!
An Appalling Deportation Scandal

IT is long since JOHN BULL has had to present a worse case of man's inhumanity than this one.

Nearly seven years ago Mr. Joseph Treasure, a ship's chief engineer, with a fine record of war and ordinary service, a footballer and a good, all-round athlete, left Preston, Lancashire, for Canada.

He had been told that skilled engineers were required for a fleet of new steamers on the Great Lakes, and, surrendering everything he possessed in this country and paying all expenses, he went out to a job of the kind.

Unemployment was rife there, so he turned elsewhere.

At Whitby, Ontario, not far from Toronto, he soon obtained a post as millwright in a factory which supplies stirrups, swords, and other steel equipment of the Canadian army and mounted police.

The job became a permanency. Mr. Treasure prospered, and soon he was able to take his sweetheart from Preston, make her his wife, and install her in a comfortable home.

Also he became an elector and in every respect a full and worthy citizen of Canada. But disaster came.

A surgical show

One morning Mr. Treasure was at work on a ladder in the machine shop. Four hundredweight of shafting and gearing overhead collapsed and fell upon him.

For five months he lay in hospital at the brink of death, with a damaged spine and dislocations of the lower limbs.

A year passed, and he seemed to be on the way to recovery.

He could walk a little unaided, and was buoyed up by the promise of his employers that ultimately he would be restored to his post.

There was a slight relapse, however, and surgeons suddenly, for some reason, began to take a livelier interest in his case.

They declared that his injuries and their consequences were found to be unique, and asked him to submit to an operation in a Toronto hospital.

Mr. Treasure was on the operation-table five hours, during which one part of his body was removed and grafted to another.

For three months afterwards he was a surgical exhibit.

Surgeons and students came long distances to see the result of the operation, and he was often photographed so that illustrations of the grafting could be circulated and published in medical journals.

On crutches he left hospital in a far worse condition than when he entered it.

Purblind officials

The operation proved in the end to have been a total failure.

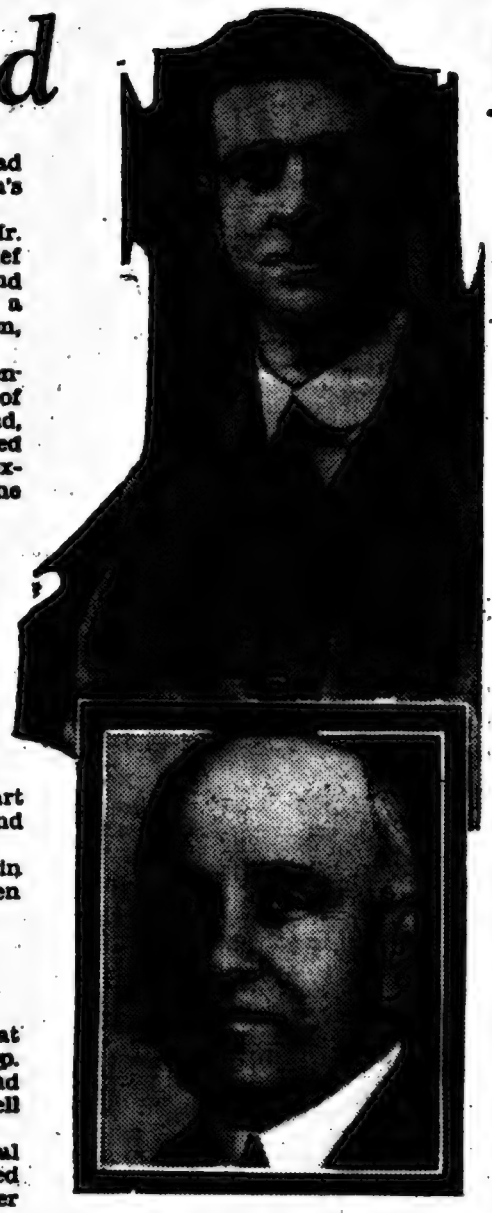
He was now maimed for life, and his limbs were cruelly deformed. Never again would he enter a factory-gate.

Worse was to come. Numbness of the limbs set in, and soon it was paralysis.

Workmen's compensation is a State liability in Canada, and in time Mr. Treasure was carried before the Government Board.

He was informed that his present terrible condition could not be attributed directly to the accident and no compensation could be paid.

In vain the stricken man pleaded to be told why it was held that there was no connection between the accident and the unsuccessful operation.



Crippled and helpless: Mr. Joseph Treasure. Below, Mr. W. C. Noxon, Ontario's Agent-General in London, must intervene on his behalf

The only reply to be obtained was that the Compensation Board was concerned only with the mishap in the factory and not with what had happened in the operating-theatre.

There was more enlightenment, however, when Mrs. Treasure approached the authorities on her husband's behalf.

It was indicated to her in the plainest possible language that the Compensation Board saw no reason why Canada should maintain a crippled Englishman for the rest of his life.

She was also given the brutal hint that the sooner she and her husband returned to Britain, the happier would be the authorities.

To provide for their sustenance and comforts for the helpless man, the home was sold bit by bit until everything had gone.

Then the husband and wife moved from Whitby into Toronto and occupied a single furnished room.

During the day Mrs. Treasure had to give all her attention to her husband, and at night she went out sick-nursing.

It was too severe a strain to be borne long, and in time she broke down.

Plucky wife

The couple were now in utter destitution.

Despairingly Mrs. Treasure made another effort. She went direct to the Attorney-General of the Legislative Assembly and pleaded with him to intercede.

The Attorney-General pointed out that the decisions of the Compensation Board were outside his jurisdiction, but he undertook to have enquiry made.

He then revealed to Mrs. Treasure that the records of the case showed that the compensation referees had declared that her husband must have been a victim of paralysis before he entered Canada.

This was a ridiculous assertion, and Mrs. Treasure quickly proved it to be so.

She pointed out that all his life her husband had been a supple athlete.

Moreover, she explained, Mr. Treasure had won some renown as a football player both in Britain and Canada.

In fact, since settling in Canada seven years ago, he had played regularly as an amateur for the Whitby Town first division club.

In playing trim

And only two days before the accident he had played one of the best games of his career in the outside-left position, and had scored two goals for his team.

How, then, could he have been paralysed?

The Attorney-General was obviously amazed by this information, and advised Mrs. Treasure to have a fresh claim made to the Compensation Board and to have it supported by affidavits.

This was done, and affidavits were sworn by the captain of the team, the club secretary and the chairman, testifying that Mr. Treasure was a regular member of the team, a fast and capable player, and had always been under strict and strenuous training.

Reaping is bitter

In face of this evidence, the Compensation Board adhered to its decision, and still refused an award to the broken and suffering man.

Mr. and Mrs. Treasure were reduced to starvation point. Help of any kind was denied to them.

Again and again officials made it clear to them that Canada had no room for an Englishman who had become a physical wreck, and that their quick departure from the country was desired.

For the sake of Mr. and Mrs. Treasure we draw a veil over what happened next. It was a most shameful episode.

Every possible coercion was applied, and, to say the least, they were driven out of Canada in destitution.

Mr. Treasure is now at Penwortham, a village near Preston.

His plucky wife does what she can for her completely crippled and helpless husband, whose earning capacity is limited to the few shillings weekly which he derives from repairing the wireless sets of the village people.

Canada must not countenance this shameful scandal.

A GOOD MAN who DAREN'T WORK!

SINCE he left the Army eight years ago, Mr. Frank Smith, of Westminster, has earned his livelihood by acting as a private courier, conducting overseas visitors round London.

He has known lean times, but on the whole he has been very successful, and while less resourceful men have been drawing the "dole," he has, on his own initiative, built up a sound connection.

His clients have included a Chicago radio millionaire, a wealthy New Zealand gentleman, a Wall Street stockbroker, and a party of lady undergraduates from a Canadian university.

The many colonial and American visitors he has escorted from time to time have been so delighted with his services that in numerous instances they have recommended him to others on their return to their native lands.

He has more than once been granted a pass by the Crown Equerry, Colonel Erskine, to conduct parties of tourists round the King's stables in Buckingham Palace Mews.

Only last summer he was escorting fifty such visitors.

But not long ago Mr. Smith was conducting a party of visitors, to whom he had been recommended, across the Horse Guards Parade, when he was stopped by a police officer.

It was vain for him to argue. He was told to go about his business and "to leave the tourists alone."

Later in the day Mr. Smith attempted to lodge a complaint, but he was told that he was liable to be charged under the Vagrancy Act, as to offer his services as a guide was looked upon as a form of begging!

While this may be true, and even desirable where unauthorised guides are making themselves a nuisance by touting, it is monstrous that a man of Mr. Frank Smith's attainments should be deprived of his livelihood in this fashion.

What is obviously wanted is some form of licensing for guides which will make it possible for overseas visitors to avail themselves of the services of sound men like Mr. Smith, and save them from shady touts.

Why Rupture Sufferers Dread the Winter

Falling and Slipping on Icy Pavements Fraught with Untold Dangers—Little Dependency can be placed on Common Trusses.

EVERY rupture sufferer knows instinctively the weak spot in his make-up. If he stumbles or slips, unconsciously his hand will seek his rupture, thinking thus to protect himself from greater injury or lend support to the truss or other similar device which is meant to hold his rupture in place.

Anyone who depends upon a truss or a makeshift contrivance of steel springs and pads has need to fear the dangers of running, slipping, falling, straining. Even repeated sneezing and violent coughing, due to a "hard" cold, will often place a burden on trusses which they are unable to bear.

You Can Ward Off These Dangers Which May Lead to an Operation

No strain can be too great, no burden too severe, for the new Brooks Rupture Appliance. You can depend on it. Dangers of protrusion from any cause are entirely eliminated. A Brooks Rupture Appliance will hold your rupture in place and carry on its work of healing under most unlikely situations or conditions until you are entirely well again.

For the Brooks Rupture Appliance heals your rupture and operates to make you well while it holds your rupture in place. This is a significant fact when you know that trusses and other kinds of like arrangements are fashioned to hold but seldom even make a pretence of curing rupture.

There are many other benefits. If you will lay aside the truss or whatever support you are now wearing, we will send you the Appliance Free on Trial. Just send the coupon and, at our expense, you can begin the healing process which will lead to a full and complete recovery. Give yourself this chance. The trial is absolutely FREE.

The New Brooks Rupture Appliance FREE TRIAL OFFER PLAN.

Thousands of Ruptured Men, Women, and Children Have Been Healed After Other Methods Failed.

If you are ruptured—no matter how badly, or if other methods have failed to give you any real benefit—just send the coupon and we will arrange to give you a free Trial of the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

This free trial will prove to you the value of a Brooks Appliance in healing all forms of rupture.

Heals Rupture Without Danger or Delay.

This wonderful appliance, invented many years ago, and improved from time to time, is acknowledged to be the most successful rupture treatment ever known.

It can be worn day and night. There is no uncomfortable pressure anywhere—no springs or gouging pads to cause pain and suffering.

It won't slip—whether you run, jump, dance, skate or slide or fall on icy pavements. It holds the rupture securely and under all conditions.

Safety—Comfort—and Freedom in Work or at Play Guaranteed.

You need have no fear—or lose any of the pleasures of life if you wear a Brooks Rupture Appliance. With a Brooks Appliance you can partake of all the enjoyments you desire—business or social. You can do as you like in sports or other activities. Brooks Rupture Appliance holds the rupture firmly while the work of healing steadily goes on until you are sound and well once more.

Not Sold in Shops.

You cannot obtain the Brooks Appliance in Great Britain anywhere except direct from us. Send in the coupon and we will arrange for a Free Trial of this wonderful appliance—made to fit you, made to your individual requirements, and not for the "average cases" same as others. There is no "average case" in rupture. Each rupture condition is different and the cure naturally depends upon the appliance being made for you personally.

Many suffered for years without peace of mind or any hope for the future until a Brooks Rupture Appliance was employed. Their testimonials are evidence of the wonderful benefits received after other methods have failed. You, too, can be made strong and well again if there is the slightest chance for recovery. For your own sake, why not discard the device you are wearing? Any one of these makeshift contrivances may "shift" or "slip" any minute, leaving you without protection. A day or a week's delay may make a dangerous operation necessary. Save yourself from this ever-present danger by sending in the coupon.

NOT all the perils accompanying winter result in sprains, broken limbs, or other injury. One of the gravest dangers is unknown to other than rupture sufferers. That is the risk of hernia strangulation—a hasty operation, or possibly death. A slip or fall or strain may render the makeshift truss worthless. Through not holding the rupture securely, the intestine comes out, is pinched (strangulated), and cannot be returned. And a "kink" in the intestines, as all know, may prove fatal within a few hours.

Now these are facts which all ruptured—men, women and children—must face. Possibly the only sufferers from rupture who

Don't Fear!

these dangers are those who wear a Brooks Rupture Appliance:

No matter what position you take or are forced to take—your rupture is held in place, firmly and securely, with greater comfort with the new Brooks Appliance than with any other truss or support.

You may secure these benefits on Free Trial and dread neither the accidents nor dangers of winter, active exercise, or hard muscular labour at any other time. Just send the coupon below—to-day—certain.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Write to-day for the FREE Trial Offer Plan. Fill in the coupon—and post at once—if you wish to be made well again.

Remember to delay may prevent a permanent recovery from your rupture. You will realise all this when you receive a Brooks Rupture Appliance. Its great simplicity and quick healing action will really astonish you.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices

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(468Y) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
(468Y) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your trial offer. *Please write plainly.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Reg. Trade Mark.

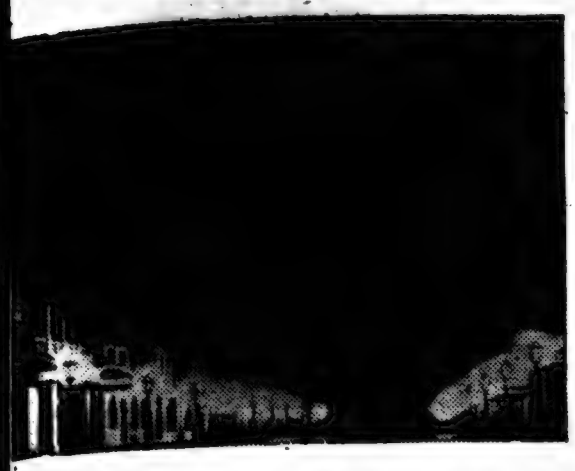
If you are State insured give here the name and address of your Approved Society.

.....

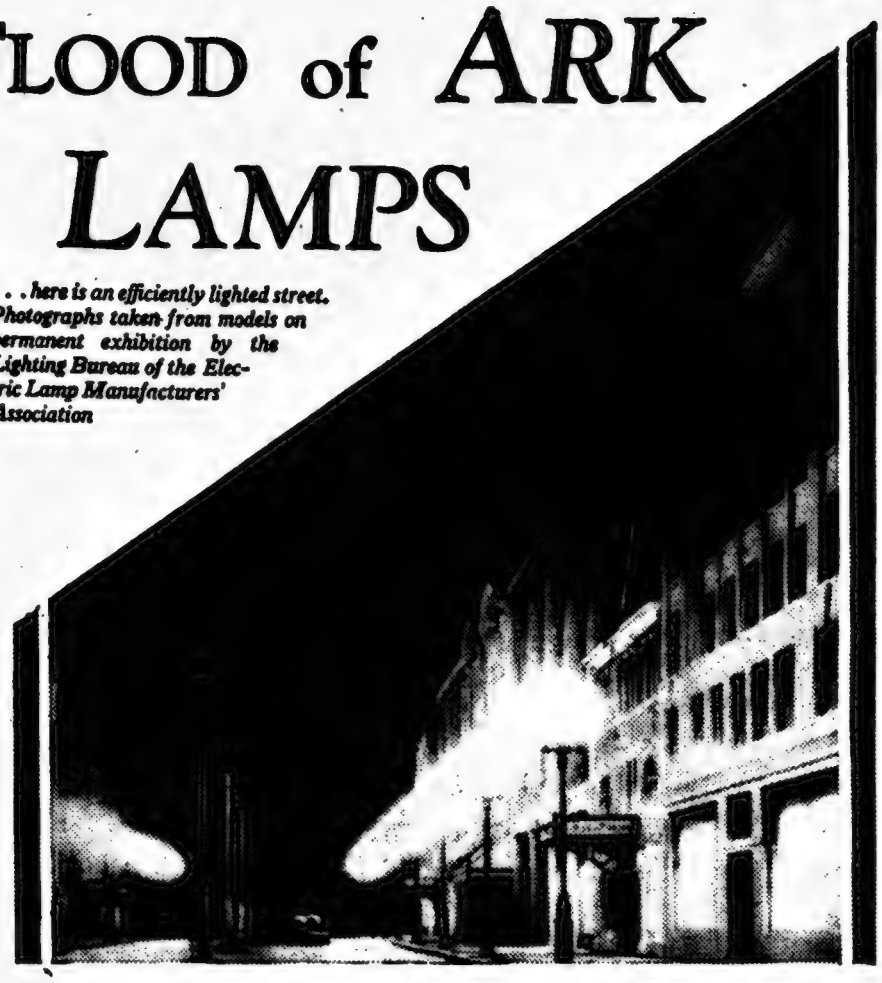
.....

Send the FREE Coupon to either the Manchester or London office, whichever is most convenient.

OUR FLOOD of ARK LAMPS



Contrast these: Local authorities consider this a good example of street lighting—but . . .



. . . here is an efficiently lighted street. Photographs taken from models on permanent exhibition by the Lighting Bureau of the Electric Lamp Manufacturers' Association

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A FEW days ago I came into London by motor-car. It was the day of the great blackness, when all day long a pall of fog above the city prevented the smoke from hundreds of thousands of chimneys escaping.

The result was black midnight at noon—blacker indeed than midnight, for when I struck the trouble no one had yet thought of lighting up the street lamps in the suburbs.

And I thought how incredibly behind the march of progress our whole idea of street-lighting is.

When I reached London I thought so even more, for although in the main thoroughfares the electric lamps were doing their best to make the streets visible, it was not until an hour later that the gas-lamps were lit.

The fact is that what we do, compared with what we might and should do, makes England a desert of darkness relieved by an occasional oasis of light.

Our ideas of street-lighting, even in our big cities and towns, are years out of date.

In our villages, as I showed in an article a week or two ago, they are practically non-existent.

The new Electricity Commission is busy running a network of high-power cables over the countryside, and within a few years electricity will be at everyone's disposal.

BUT it will still be the local authorities who will have to use the electricity, and unless the majority of them revise their ideas in the light of modern needs and modern methods, much of the Electricity Commission's enterprise will be stultified.

If you want to see what adequate lighting can be like, go to Brighton or Worthing or Blackpool and see how their important areas are illuminated.

In places like those, lighting has been modernised and dealt with intelligently—yet even there, a few yards off the main thoroughfares will plunge the enquirer into streets where the lighting is just sufficient to be thoroughly irritating.

The real need all over the country is for co-ordination of lighting authorities, and for the appointment of fully qualified public lighting engineers in every area. Lighting, like everything else to-day, needs thoroughly "rationalising."

Let us look at London again.

It is really rather absurd that we are still content to leave street-lighting arrangements in the hands of some thirty-five different bodies.

Thus we get endless anomalies. The two sides of a part of Edgware Road, for instance, happen to be in two different boroughs—with the result that on one side electric street lighting of a high standard has been installed, while the lighting on the other side comes from obsolete gas standards and is hopelessly inadequate.

An interesting instance of everybody's business being in the end nobody's business can be seen in Glasgow, where the Glasgow Corporation lights quite well the portion of the Glasgow-Paisley road that is within its borders, while the Paisley Borough Council lights reasonably well that portion of the road that is within its boundaries.

An intervening lighting authority lights a short stretch of the main road with a few ordinary gas-lamps; but the rest of the road, through which trams, 'buses and other traffic pass, is left at night in inky blackness.

Unless there happen to be houses alongside the road, no authority will undertake the job.

We have spent, and are spending still, millions of pounds every year to drive vast arterial roads through the country; but how often do you find adequate lighting along these roads—or, indeed, any lighting at all?

It is another case of the problem remaining nobody's business.

WHOLE stretches of these roads passing through suburban areas still remain unlighted, to say nothing of the rest of them, because there is really no answer to the question: "Whose business is it to light the new road?"

In many cases the urban district council has a ready reply.

"Why," it says, "should we be called upon to light a thoroughfare which is chiefly used by through traffic from surrounding towns or neighbourhoods?"

And, often enough, the expense for a small locality through which the road passes would be unduly heavy; but that is no reason for leaving the roads unlit.

It is an urgent reason for tackling the lighting of England comprehensively and nationally, instead of leaving it to the spasmodic efforts of individual authorities whose purse often checks real willingness.

To take just one example—the great North Circular Road in London.

The Urban District Council of Finchley has lighted reasonably well that part of the road within its boundaries, but the next stretch in the neighbouring district is still unlighted, the district council being apparently quite willing to avoid all responsibility.

Though examples like this could be picked, almost at random, from anywhere in the country, it would not be fair to say that nothing is being done to provide improvement.

It is a fact that electric street lighting is growing at a tremendous rate, and the latest figures show that no fewer than sixty-six supply undertakings in the country are supplying over 98,000,000 units of electricity per annum for public lighting, representing over 211,000 public lamps.

YET it takes a little of the gilt off the gingerbread to realise that these 211,000 public lamps represent a third of the total street lighting in the country.

The figures simply shriek their own inadequacy.

"In the main thoroughfares of the larger towns, and even in the side streets," says a lighting expert, "it already becomes possible to drive motor-cars without headlights, and there are not a few streets in the centre of London and provincial cities where vehicles might safely pass without any lights upon them at all.

"That is at least one of the aims which should be kept in view for street lighting if 'Safety for all' is to be achieved."

It is not, I think, too high an aim.

One has only to look at the floodlighting in parts of Berlin and Paris to realise how inadequate much of even our best street lighting is in England.

The ideal surely is that at nighttime all our streets should be as light as day?

What practical steps, then, should be taken?

I think, in the first place, that every city, town and every country area should be under the direct supervision of a public lighting engineer.

In places where such have already been appointed, notably in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Sheffield, immediate improvement in street lighting has resulted, and the organisation has quickly paid for itself in better service and economy.

As far as county roads are concerned—at present a dark blot on the countryside—the county council should obviously be made the responsible lighting authority, assisted in the lighting of these main roads where necessary by the Road Fund.

FOR these are days when the adequate lighting of roads is just as important as their construction and maintenance.

The tremendous strides made in the lighting of Berlin's streets and squares to which I have referred was made possible because Berlin did what I am suggesting we should do, and put its street-lighting problem under one competent authority.

The crux of the matter is that the time has come to cease experimenting, and to regard the lighting of England as we are regarding its electrification, from a national point of view.

To continue to do anything else is to admit a lack of sense of proportion on important matters.

I know of one case where a municipality spent more on washhouses than it did on public lighting. Was that not a lack of sense of proportion?

Before we can ever get a Merrie England we must establish a Brighter England. We are getting on—but the pace still lags far behind the need.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

LET'S HELP OURSELVES

PERSISTENCE—if you can distinguish it from mere obstinacy—is a valuable asset to anyone who wishes to get on in life. The ability to refuse to take "No!" for an answer has opened to many a man a door that seemed not only locked, but bolted and barred.

That is the reason why, right throughout history, men of obviously mediocre powers have ended by doing extraordinary things.

There is a tale told of Diogenes, the gentleman who is reputed to have lived in a tub, and whose hobby seems to have been to go out with a lantern looking for an honest man.

Anyway, he wished to become the disciple of a famous philosopher. He said so—and was promptly refused.

As he still persisted, the philosopher raised his staff and threatened to beat him. "Strike!" said Diogenes, "but you will not find a stick hard enough to overcome my perseverance." Whereupon the philosopher surrendered and agreed to take him as his pupil.

Self-help is still the most potent force in the world, and the man who has courage, and can combine it with energy and perseverance, is still the man who, sooner or later, will reach the top.

THUNDERBOLT

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500 Coupons! Not 1250—the number that would be asked for similar value in many other gift schemes! The magnificent Kolster-Brandes 2-valve Set merely points out the new B.D.V. Standard of values—the Standard that now applies to all B.D.V. Gifts.

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FOTOS VALVES A wonderful new long-life valve. Improves every set. NOW	150 → 50	'MATCH' FOOTBALL Brown leather case. Pure Para rubber bladder. A real goal scorer! NOW	280 → 80
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BREAD KNIFE Latest type saw-edge. Sheffield steel blade. Comfortable, well-balanced handle. NOW	85 → 25	LADY'S CHUBBY UMBRELLA Black bordered taffeta cover. Solid frame. Fancy goloish handle. NOW	280 → 100
LADY'S OVERALL Wrap-over shape. Red or blue spot on charming ecru ground. Fast colours. NOW	90 → 35	3 TABLESPOONS In 'James' design, made throughout in 'Silver' or 'Old English' design in E.P.N.S. NOW	105 → 40
LADY'S MACKINTOSH Reinforced seams. Loose fitting, with pockets and storm cuffs. Very smart! NOW	285 → 125	HOT WATER BOTTLE Seamless rubber. Very tough and durable. Easy filling. Famous British make. NOW	150 → 45
PURE SILK STOCKINGS 100%. Pure silk. Point heel. Double garter tops. In all fashionable shades. NOW	140 → 55	* SMOKER'S KNIFE Sheffield made. Narrow blade for scraping. Spike and tobacco reamer NOW	66 → 25
* 28 PACKETS OF 20—ONLY		* 13 PACKETS OF 20—ONLY	

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B.D.V., the cigarette that set the Standard in coupon values, *goes further ahead.*

Present day trading conditions enable us to buy in volume in the right place and at the right time. By placing immense contracts with manufacturers who are anxious to keep their workers on full time and by working on minimum profits ourselves we are able to announce the sensational new B.D.V. values.

Now—every B.D.V. coupon is worth four—five—six times as much as coupons in other gift schemes.

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We do not offer more coupons per packet, we give more value for coupons and charge only 11½d. for 20.

Compare the astounding values in the accompanying panel.

Smoke only B.D.V. for highest value in cigarettes and gifts.

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GET THIS GIFT BOOK
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To GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., 117c, Commercial St., London, E.1.

Please send me a copy of the amazing B.D.V. Gift Book showing the astounding coupon values which will enable me to get my gifts in less than half the time!!

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a/b

THE ROBOT Baby-Snatcher

Without Fear—

IT is often the mission of JOHN BULL to plead for those who are weak, but by no means wholly evil.

The divorce law every year crushes with an iron hand many mothers whose sin is not want of care or affection for their children.

And those children—the orphans of divorce? Is not their sad lot pitilessly disregarded by the stern canons of the law?

In the ordinary way a wife who has been guilty of a single lapse from the strict path of virtue loses the "custody" of her children.

It is true that if they are "of tender years" the court has a discretion to grant their custody to the erring mother, but this dispensing power is not always mercifully exercised.

There are untold agonies of pain and loss.

THE strict moralist may urge that, at all costs, the mother who loves her babies should tread the straight moral road. Some go even farther, and argue that the wife who has "sinned" is no longer fit to be with her children.

There are many such, but the number of women who go through the Divorce Court and who are only deserving of the admonition, "Go and sin no more," is very considerable.

It is one of the pathetic ironies of human nature that genuine mother-love may coincide with frailty.

Besides, it is seldom the truth and the whole truth about wrecked marriages which emerges in the Divorce Court.

Spite, envy, jealousy, the thirst for vengeance, love turned to hate, the ugliest passions of the human heart, conspire to delude and deceive the vigilance of the law.

Lately, a woman confided to a London magistrate a grief which for years she had freshened nightly with secret tears. Vainly she had tried to forget the baby, now a boy of six, whom the harsh operation of the divorce law had cruelly wrenched from her arms.

SHE loved the child, she declared, no less passionately than when his baby fingers clutched at her breast.

The husband, however, had prevailed upon the court to give him the sole custody of the infant, not because he particularly cared for it apparently, but as an element in his revenge upon the woman who had been unfaithful to the marriage vow.

The boy was then in an orphanage for motherless children. Soon after the divorce the father had arranged for its upbringing in a public institution, for which he was paying a weekly contribution.

Since the mother had taken her last sorrowful farewell of her baby it had scarcely known the warm comfort of a home, the tenderness of parental affection.

Could she have her baby back? she asked the magistrate. She had amended her way of life, her earnings were sufficient for the child's maintenance, she would love and care for him with true motherly fondness. The father had married again, and there was no place for the boy in his home.

No, was the law's stern rejoinder. There is no pardon in our divorce laws for the penitent sinner.

The custody of the child was the husband's by legal right, and although he had parted with its actual possession, consigning it to the keeping of strangers, there was nothing in the statutes or precedents enabling the court to restore the child to its mother's care.

"The baby cruelly wrenched from her arms by a harsh law"

IT is a tradition rooted in the divorce law that a woman "taken in adultery" is of necessity an irreclaimable wanton, lost to all sense of decency and honour, for whom the "custody" of her own children can mean only evil contamination.

Never was there a grosser travesty of truth.

Among the poor, especially, one finds almost complete ignorance of the fact that the Divorce Court may, in its discretion, although it seldom does, grant the custody of an infant child to a "guilty" mother.

—or Favour

The wife of a small wage-earner was divorced by her husband under the Poor Persons Rules. As far as could be discovered, her foolish lapse was an isolated one, and after the dissolution of the marriage she led to all appearance a virtuous life.

At the date of the divorce there was a baby, the child of her husband beyond question, and although the case was one in which very probably the Divorce Court might have allowed her to keep the wee mite, she failed through ignorance to make the needful application.

Devoutly attached to her child, she suffered an agony of separation. Then, one day, through casual hearsay, she learned that the infant had been adopted by a respectable couple not far from where she lived.

With an ingenuity born of mother-love, she contrived to see the child, and ultimately to make the acquaintance of the adoptive parents.

FINALLY, she made the startling disclosure that she was the true mother of the child.

The foster-parents, however, could not bring themselves to part with the baby they had grown to love and treasure; but they did all in their power to heal the hurt, and "Aunty," whose true name is "Mother," is a constant, welcome visitor in that little home.

These are authentic human documents, which can easily be matched and multiplied. The custody of the child—what pity and pathos, what tears and heart-break the phrase connotes!

Occasionally it is a father who girds against the law's harsh code. A few months ago a divorced husband was threatened with prison for "kidnapping" his own child, of whose custody he had been deprived by the law's decree.

Sometimes it is laid down that the guilty party to a marriage shall not even have access to the children. The pretext, as a rule, is that the father, or the mother, is of so depraved a nature that the least contact with a child would entail grave moral contagion.

RARELY do these suggestions correspond with the truth. Abandoned beyond all hope a man or woman must be if a few hours in the company of a child is to spell moral disaster.

The doctrine that all such women—some of them divorced for one single act of unfaithfulness—are unfit for motherhood lingers only in the Law Courts.

In all but a few cases a baby is really at home nowhere but in its mother's arms.

It would be a good thing if the scope of the law could be widened and more discretion given to judges.

The "custody of the child" should be the subject of just as much scrutiny as the divorce petition, and not as at present practically an automatic matter. The worthless woman would get her deserts if this were done.

New Year Messages—

JOHN BULL believes that the New Year is going to see an improvement in trade—and, happily, a drop in unemployment figures.

Optimism is in the air. On all hands it is being said that "better times are coming."

A famous Prime Minister of England once declared, "Trade always comes back." And—he added—"finance never ruined a country, or an individual either, with pluck."

That was said nearly a century ago, and the truth of the saying has been proved many times since in the course of those cycles of trade depression and trade revival that mark the history of commerce and industry.

In this spirit of optimism, and a firm believer in "pluck" and enterprise and energy, JOHN BULL has asked some famous leaders for a New Year's message, and has received the following replies:

SIR PHENE NEAL,
Lord Mayor of London

As Lord Mayor of the City of London, which has justly the reputation of being the greatest and most historic trading centre in the world, I rank myself among the optimists.

I hope and believe with JOHN BULL that the New Year will see a considerable improvement in trade all round, bringing with it fresh employment for many of the thousands of our fellow-citizens who are, unhappily, out of work.

At the same time, I realise that there can be no improvement in trade without the adoption of the latest methods of manufacture and production in every trade and industry, supplemented, as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has advocated on several notable occasions, by sound salesmanship.

Many manufacturers have already brought their plant, their selling and their advertising methods up to date, and—combined with those qualities of fine workmanship and first-rate quality which are essentially British—are accordingly beating, and more than beating, their rivals from abroad.

Of course, there must be the strictest economy, both in the State and by the individual.

Rt. Hon. W. RUNCIMAN,
Chairman, Chamber of Shipping

Gold dominates the markets of the world.

The artificial scarcity of gold created by hoarding in France and the refusal of America to reduce the obstacles to payment in kind of debts due to her, in particular her policy against payment in goods, is not only perpetuating an endless sag in the price of all goods, but is involving her own people also in the unbroken decline.

Business men begin their day's work, in America as well as in Europe, under the gloom of a further fall since the night before.

Until this fact is recognised in America they will neither ease their own situation nor cease to add to the scarcity of gold, which is a world-wide misfortune.

In spite of all these disadvantages, gold remains the only feasible standard; every other standard would be worse.

I do not despair of the future, provided no tricks or dodges are attempted by the principal Governments of the world.

Low prices, if they are stabilised, can be of universal benefit.

Stabilisation can be effected by international action, and it may be that the new International Bank at Basle will point the road to sanity.

As to trading conditions in other respects, I see very little hope of an early recovery in the Western world. The recovery will come sooner or later, but in my view it will originate in the East.

Our powers of endurance are not exhausted, and the present is the time for us to exercise our ingenuity.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES,
Home Secretary

None can measure our political prospects, nor can we safely estimate economic improvement and industrial advance until political prospects, not merely in this country but in the world, are enormously improved.

In other words, substantial economic betterment depends upon greater political composure, understanding, and good will.

Extensive markets in India, China and elsewhere have been lost to a great extent, by political troubles.

These are troubles which for some time will baffle any Party, and which, therefore, all Parties should do their best to allay.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN,
Transport and General Workers

The past year has seen one of those horrible cycles of depression which are common to our system of society.

We have had this advantage, however—that, due to the growth of Labour opinion in this country, the social services have been a good stand-by.

They have made unnecessary the soup-kitchen, the bread line and all the demoralising expedients of the old days—which are, at present, being utilised in the United States.

With a return to prosperity, our people will be better equipped, physically, mentally and morally, to play their part.

I hope and believe that 1931 will see a turn of the tide and real prosperity developed, so that we may utilise to the full our man and woman power.

Nothing but pessimism can stop it.

Mr. ALFRED CLARK,
Managing Director of The Gramophone Co.

The problems that confront us to-day are world problems, and only a proper and intelligent appreciation of that fact on the part of both the public and the politicians the world over can lead us to a definite and lasting improvement.

As regards conditions at home, I look confidently to 1931 to bring us a return to better days.

Already there are indications that the prices of commodities are becoming stabilised at a low level, and that means renewed purchasing and, consequently, better business generally.

But neither "slogans" nor the adherence to old, out-of-date policies can meet the new conditions—a better and more intelligent understanding of united interests alone can do so.

Manufacturing, buying and selling and, consequently, the vexed and vital problem of unemployment, are so entirely interdependent that the problems of each are common. When that important fact is recognised, the gates of prosperity will be unbarred.

I look to 1931 to bring about that millennium.

Sir OSWALD STOLL,
Theatrical Magnate

The New Year will treat us as we treat ourselves. There is ground for optimism in that there are so many pleasant places of amusement in which care may be forgotten for a while.

The opinion that there is likely to be no ground for "care" is optimism of too mellow a type to deserve the name.

The optimism which can deceive itself into a belief that inconvertible paper money is real money has only itself to blame for the bottomless pit of depression into which it will fall.

Until we have abandoned this self-delusion, there is no ground for jubilation of any kind.

Lord WAKEFIELD,
Oil and Sport

New Year messages, by tradition, are expected to breathe a spirit of unquenchable optimism. The outlook for 1931 is one which cannot, however, be dismissed in a light or frivolous manner.

Optimism in the face of bleak, hard facts becomes an insult to human intelligence and an offence against good taste if it is not founded upon sincere conviction.

With all this in mind, I still have faith that better times are in store for us. I believe, too, that we can do much by conscious effort to hasten our national recovery.

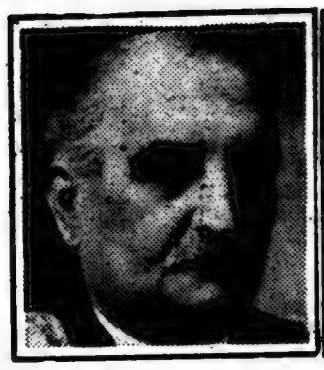
I appeal to all who desire to help our national prosperity to set their faces determinedly against weak acquiescence in pessimism. Let us not waste too much of 1931 arguing whether our troubles are due to world conditions entirely, or partly to more local causes.

The real hope for the future lies in ourselves, in our energy and determination; in the marvellous recuperative power of British industry—shown, for example, in the British motor and aviation industries, against the keenest competition.

Many great political, financial and industrial leaders have in the last few weeks stated that they see the first signs of a general recovery. Let us hold fast to that; let us will it, and consciously prepare for it.

Welcome, 1931!

"Depends on political good will"—Mr. J. R. Clynes



"Beating rivals more and more"—Lord Mayor of London

"Better than the bread line"—Mr. Ernest Bevin

"Looking forward with faith"—Mr. John Hodge

"Buy now instead of waiting"—Sir W. Burbidge

"Depression will wear itself out"—Major Isidore Salmon

"Theatres want equal rights on Sunday"—Mr. Walter Payne

THE PRINCE'S

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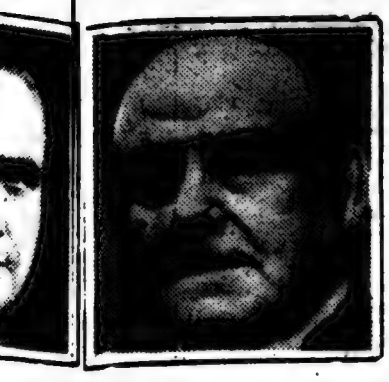


"No weak acquiescence in pessimism"—Lord Wakefield

"Abandon this self-delusion"—Sir Oswald Stoll

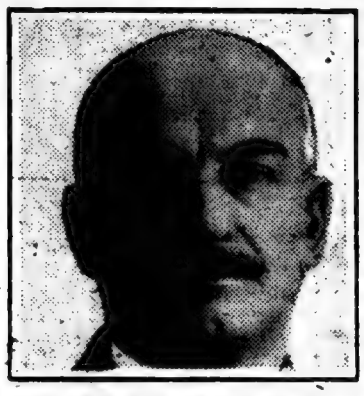
"Our powers are not exhausted"—Mr. Walter Runciman

THE PRINCE'S STIRRING CALL

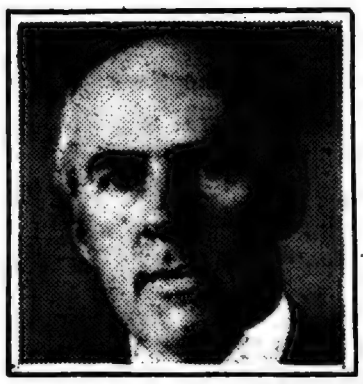
am confident that, if the leaders (of industry) will 'wake up,' with the ready help of the schools and the fine human material the service of commerce they are already producing, and will asingly produce, British trade will reconquer and maintain its mate position in the markets of the world."

FAMOUS MEN SAY—

PULL YOUR SOCKS UP!



"Must be more aggressive"—Sir Herbert Austin



"Optimism badly needed"—Lord Mayor of Liverpool

"Leadership—inspiration—is lacking"—Mr. Eric Gamage

"1931—a return to better days"—Mr. Alfred Clark

—from British Leaders

Sir HERBERT AUSTIN,
Famous Motor-car Manufacturer

Optimism is just what is wanted to ensure that British industries will be in the ascendant in 1931—so is hard and persistent labour.

I have been convinced for several months that next spring will see a considerable improvement in the motor industry in England.

We have largely convinced the public that they should in their own interest "buy British." The McKenna duties will remain, and we shall not be flooded with dumped goods from the U.S.A. and the Continent.

We have now got our costs down to a very reasonable level, and we have been able to stabilise our designs.

We have got a strong foothold in many foreign markets, and the Dominions and Colonies are helping with substantial preferences.

A British-built car commands a much better relative second-hand price than others. First cost is not the only important matter in the purchase of a car.

So much for the motor industry. I wish I could say that I felt as confident of all other British industries.

Some are undoubtedly justified in expecting an improvement in 1931, but others would be well advised, in my opinion, to take steps to modernise their plant and their methods. Foreign rivals look like leading the way if we are not more aggressive.

The Rt. Hon. E. THOMPSON,
Lord Mayor of Liverpool

I am all out for the spirit of optimism, which is needed badly at the present time.

Blind optimism is even worse than the ostrich which hides its head in the sand, but a hopeful view is helpful in every phase of life.

How many patients have recovered through having cheery people around them?

If the New Year brings a spirit of optimism I believe we will be able to look forward with hope and confidence to the future.

Maj. ISIDORE SALMON, M.P.,
Managing Director, Lyons

One thing is certain—better times won't come unless we make a greater effort.

The period of depression will wear itself out, according to the natural order of things, but Britain has a lot of ground to regain.

The natural thing to do, when you are going through a time of adversity, is to economise, to do without luxuries.

In this country we have done exactly the opposite, for as fast as our income—in other words, our export trade—has fallen, we have poured out increasingly large sums on social services of an unproductive nature.

It is highly necessary, under present-day conditions, to have some scheme of insurance for unemployed workers, but we are beginning to realise the very real danger to the morale, as well as to the pocket, of the nation, in allowing abuses on a large scale to creep in.

I do not doubt that prosperity will return to the world, and England can share in it if in the meantime we guard against industry being bled so white that we have no strength left to retain our footing on the pinnacle we have always occupied.

Mr. ERIC GAMAGE,
Of the Great Stores

I am one of those who believe that trade is going to improve in the New Year, but we must do away with the old Party cries and get to business on bigger and broader lines than ever before.

What the country wants is strong non-Party leadership and for everyone to put in as much work as possible. At the moment leadership—inspiration—is definitely lacking.

The danger, so far as unemployment is concerned, is that people are becoming apathetic and reconciled to the present state of affairs.

The best advice at the moment is: "Treat each problem separately on its own merits."

If safeguarding will protect certain industries, then it is a business matter to retain safeguarding, not a political one.

Mr. WALTER PAYNE,
West End Theatre Manager

There have been many times in the past year when the state of theatrical business has appeared to be very much better than general conditions warranted, and from that we have optimistically hoped that this was a sign of better times.

The theatres are the first to benefit from better times in trade outside our own, and it is only when production in other trades is working at a high level that we can hope to have satisfactory business of our own.

The development which the theatrical profession is hoping to see in the New Year is equal rights with the kinema for Sunday opening and safeguards against a seven-day working week.

Sir WOODMAN BURBIDGE
Managing Director of Harrods

I do feel that we have, more or less, got to the bottom of things, and if we can get the public to buy now instead of waiting until some future date, it will help manufacturers and unemployment.

The Rt. Hon. JOHN HODGE,
Iron and Steel Trades

During my knowledge of the trade, extending over the long period of sixty years, nothing like the present condition of the iron and steel trades has been known.

So bad is it that one *must* look forward to the coming year with optimistic feelings. The two great new Cunarders will encourage other users of steel.

The Government could do much to help the industry by giving us some measure of protection against the cheap products of France and Belgium in particular.

Some people ask: "Is the trade up to date?" That query must be answered with an emphatic "Yes."

We are fully equipped for meeting all demands, and the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation has been co-operating with the employers.

I am looking forward with faith to the coming year.

£1,500 DOG BOOK for 1/-

With the compliments of Karswood.

This headline means exactly what it says. The first edition of the new Karswood Dog Book, entitled "Everybody's Dog Book," will cost the Karswood Company £1,530 (one thousand five hundred and thirty pounds). Any Karswood dealer who doubts this statement can see the printer's bills and other costs to satisfy himself that it is not exaggerated by one single penny piece, and it is safe to say that it is the greatest bargain in books ever offered to dog owners.

THE OBJECT OF THE BOOK.

The object of this new Karswood Book is told by its title, "Everybody's Dog Book." It is hang up to date and contains the condensed knowledge of some of the greatest living experts with a lifetime of experience of dogs. Everything you could wish to know about dogs is given in its 80 packed pages with every word of unnecessary "padding" cut right out.

17 COLOURED PLATES.

The book contains 17 beautiful coloured plates of the leading breeds—mostly world-famous dogs by leading animal artists—a marvel of the colour printer's art, which would do credit to any guinea production; together with 51 sketches and photographs in black and white—80 pages in all, 7½ by 5 inches, excellently bound in stiff board, with coloured reproduction of Wire Fox Terrier on plate-sunk cover.

WHAT THE BOOK TELLS YOU.

(1) How to Choose a Puppy. (2) Care of Dog in the Home. (3) Suitable Breeds. (4) Dogs and Children. (5) Housing. (6) Feeding. (7) Exercise and rest. (8) Grooming. (9) Cleaning. (10) Moulting. (11) Plucking. (12) Breeding. (13) Care of Mother. (14) Rearing Puppies. (15) Weaning Puppies. (16) Teething. (17) Tail Docking. (18) Training. (19) House Manners. (20) Punishment. (21) Legal Responsibilities and Rights. (22) Buying and Selling Dogs. (23) Breeding for Profit. (24) Advice to Exhibitors, etc., etc., etc.

In addition, there are over 20 pictorial articles and tips, and a **28-page section devoted to doggy disorders,** giving simple treatment for ailments, accidents, etc.

Never before to our knowledge has such information been given in any one book.

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(Postal order, **not** stamps) to the address below, and we will send you post paid the 1930 Karswood Dog Book, "Everybody's Dog Book," containing 17 coloured plates, over 50 sketches, diagrams, and photographs in black and white, 80 pages in all, handsomely bound in stiff buff cover, enclosed in transparent protective jacket. This book is without doubt the greatest bargain ever offered to dog owners, and is, we believe, the only book on the market containing 17 coloured plates which you can buy for less than a guinea.

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REAL LIFE STORIES

by Famous Authors

Old 'Un

by BARRY PEROWNE

"AT seventeen," said the auctioneer. "Eighteen. At eighteen. It's against ye, Mr. Gurney." He paused, with his hammer raised, to glare round at the gaitered, be-tweeded throng about the railed enclosure.

"Come, now, gents—a sterlin' bit of 'orseflesh there. Old, I ain't denyin'—but a lot of work left in 'im yet."

The crowd, which had come from all over the south-west corner of England for the sale of stock at the late Mr. Lowther's farm, Gorsehill, looked, as instructed, at the big, chestnut cart-horse in the enclosure.

An honest horse, as the auctioneer had said—deep-chested, with powerful quarters, a long, straw-braided mane, and a fluff of feather over his fetlocks.

Away, beyond the little knot of figures in the late Mr. Lowther's upper meadow, the brown Dorset hills dipped down to the sea, steel-grey in the gathering dusk of that winter afternoon.

Mr. Gurney, from Sea Farm, over the cliffs westward, pulled reflectively at his tobacco-stained moustache. He winked largely at the auctioneer.

"Nineteen it is, Mr. Gurney. At nineteen. A sacrifice, gents!"

The auctioneer was shocked.

"'Ave I got to knock down this rare specimen of honest 'orseflesh at nineteen poun'? It's a shame to do it! Everyone in Gorse'll knows the Old 'Un. Ask Abel Curtis there—everyone knows Abel an' the Old 'Un."

Heads turned, following the auctioneer's pointing hammer, to look at Abel. Abel's grizzled brows drew down in a scowl over his faded blue eyes.

The auctioneer was right. Everyone in Gorsehill knew Abel, the late Mr. Lowther's carter, and the Old 'Un, his horse.

EVERY night, bar Sundays, for near twenty years, they'd seen Abel and the Old 'Un coming home from the gravel-pit.

Always they came in company as far as "The Thatchers' Arms," halfway down the hill, and there Abel tossed the reins over the Old 'Un's great neck, and grunted: "'Ome, Old 'Un!"

And the Old 'Un walked the last half-mile alone, and waited in his stall for Abel to finish his pint and come on down to take off the Old 'Un's harness and give him his feed.

For nearly twenty years, rain and shine, winter and summer, they had gone through that routine, and everyone in Gorsehill knew it.

"Yon's an honest worker, Mr. Short, sir," Abel said grimly, and bit hard the stem of his blackened, clay pipe.

"Ye hear that?" the auctioneer barked. "An honest worker! It's the man who knows speakin'! Who's goin' to bid me twenty poun' for this magnificent beast?"

Abel watched, his face scowling but impassive. He wasn't sure why he'd come to the sale—except, perhaps, for a last look at the Old 'Un. For him and the Old 'Un were finished now.

Mr. Cassy, the incoming tenant, was making a lot of changes down at the farm. Abel had had his notice a week before; yesterday had been his last at Gorsehill Farm. And all the old stock was being sold—including the Old 'Un.

He'd spent his last night in the old stables down Gravel Lane. Abel had seen them boarding up the old stables, as he passed by an hour ago. Mr. Cassy had condemned them as unsafe—was going to pull them down soon.

One of these gentlemen-farmers, Mr. Cassy was—young and keen, with new ideas and the money to back them.

Abel could hear Mr. Cassy talking to his wife a few yards away:

"It seems a pity to let the old horse go, but he's no earthly good to us."

"Joan might like him, Dick," Mrs. Cassy suggested.

"Joan shall have a Shetland the day she's six—that's more her mark, Barbara," Dick Cassy laughed.

"AT twenty-five," the auctioneer barked. "Last chance, gents. I don't repeat it." His hammer went up. "At twenty-five—" *Bang!* "Mr. Gurney, Sea Farm. An' now we come to Lot 42, gents. Magnificent . . ."

But Abel wasn't listening. They were leading the Old 'Un away. He watched the old horse move out placidly through the gate of the enclosure into the meadow beyond.

A voice hailed him, as he made to turn away from the enclosure:

"Hey, there, Abel!" It was Mr. Gurney, calling to him across the ring. "Will 'ee take the Old 'Un over to Sea Farm for us?"

Abel's scowl relaxed a little. An hour or two more with the Old 'Un.

"Aye, Mr. Gurney, sir," Abel nodded.

As he turned away from the enclosure, a girl in nursemaid's uniform brushed past him, joining Mr. and Mrs. Cassy. He caught a breathless word or two:

"Miss Joan—. I thought she—"

He saw the three of them turn away from the enclosure, hurrying toward Mr. Cassy's car, drawn up outside the gate. Then he moved on across the meadow to take the Old 'Un home—for the last time.

* * *

It didn't seem as though it *could* be the last time somehow, Abel thought.

Here he was walking down Gorse Hill the same way he'd walked down it, rain or shine, winter and summer, for close on twenty years now, with the Old 'Un clumping at his heels.

There was Lowther's Copse, all bare and leafless from the winter frosts.

There was Lowther's pond, where the Old 'Un had his drink.

The Old 'Un was moving over toward the pond. He wanted his drink. Like Abel, he was a creature of habit.

For near twenty years, he had drunk at this pond before he went on down the hill to his stable in Gravel Lane. He resented change.

Abel waited while the Old 'Un had his drink. They moved on together down the hill.

It was almost dark now. There was "The Thatchers' Arms," just opening, the light glowing red through the blinds in the bar.

It was Abel's turn to drink here—just a pint of bitter, drawn from the wood. No more.

But to-night, when they reached the square of grass in front of the inn, he didn't tell the Old 'Un to go home. Instead, he haltered the old horse to the post of the signboard.

It went against the grain to do that, for there'd never been any need to halter the Old 'Un.

"Bide here, Old 'Un, mind."

And the old horse stood still and patient.

A drop of rain struck chill against Abel's face as he stepped through the low door into the flagged passage of the inn. It was going to be a wild walk to Sea Farm this night—and the Old 'Un never could 'bide rain.

As usual, Abel and the landlord had the bar to themselves.

"'Ow be goin' on, now, then, Abel? 'Ast 'ee bin up the sale?"

"Aye," Abel said.

"They be sellin' well, Short's man tells I."

"Aye," Abel said.

The landlord glanced at him curiously. Abel sat still and grim and square at his bench, looking straight before him.

AND the bitter grew still and flat in the pot. For at last the truth was borne in upon Abel's mind that this was indeed the last night he and the Old 'Un would come home together down the hill.

New customers entered the bar. Abel rose abruptly, jerking his cap down over his eyes. He paid for his drink, muttered "Good-night," and went out.

It was the first time in his sixty-seven years that Abel Curtis had left untouched a pint of bitter for which he had paid.

Outside, the night had turned wild and dark. The wind blustered in over the seaward hills with the rain in its teeth.

But the Old 'Un was no longer there—only the end of his halter, knotted still about the post.

Abel wasn't surprised. The Old 'Un never could 'bide standing about in the rain. Abel knew where to look for him. He went on down the hill.

The wind boomed past him, whipping the rain in his face. But Abel hardly noticed it. He was thinking of the long, wild walk which lay before him and the Old 'Un to Sea Farm, over the cliffs. Their last walk together.

Down at the foot of the hill, where Gravel Lane turned off to the right, past the War Memorial with the names of two Curtises on it—Abel's eldest, Reg, and Harry, his third—lights moved in the darkness—hurricane lanterns.

There was a knot of figures gathered under the memorial. He caught voices as he passed.

"Two of you take the copse. Look ——"

That was Mr. Cassy, speaking fast

Next week:

THE MAN-EATING LEOPARD,

The story of an amazing nocturnal adventure in the Indian jungle,

by **Alice Perrin**

"THIS was indeed the last night he and the Old 'Un would come home together down the hill"

Illustrated by Edgar Spenceley

and urgent. But a rush of wind, sweeping down rain-laden through the dark over the brow of the hill, ripped away the rest of his words.

Abel moved on up Gravel Lane. Something wrong there ——.

He drew near the old stables, began to peer more closely about him.

"Old 'Un," he called. "Old 'Un."

He moved on through the dark, strangely troubled. By rights, the Old 'Un should have come on down to the stables, the way he'd come every night for near twenty years. But he wasn't here.

Under the dark bulk of the stables Abel stopped to call again:

"Old' Un!" Old 'Un!"

He listened intently. The wind savaged the roof of the old stables; a cluster of loose tiles slithered down and smashed in the yard. The rain hissed on the cobbles.

And then there came another sound—the clink of iron-shod hooves, stirring uneasily, and the rustle of straw. And then—very weak and tiny—the cry of a child.

Sudden fear caught tight at Abel's heart. The nursemaid—the men with lanterns. He understood now. *Little Miss Joan!*

He stumbled forward over the cobbles of the yard, his hands outstretched in the darkness, groping for the door of the stables.

IN a sudden stillness, with the wind and the rain tearing at him no longer, he blundered against the Old 'Un's flank, and the soft nose came round in the darkness, nuzzling at his shoulder.

But he thrust back the horse's head, groping for matches in the pocket of his corduroys. Somewhere close in the dark a child was crying.

He found the match-box, but his hands were trembling, and two matches snapped before he got a light.

He had a glimpse of the yawning doors of the stable, of splintered wood littering the floor. And then he saw Miss Joan.

She lay face downward on the straw under the Old 'Un's nose.

The match burned Abel's fingers. He dropped it and groped forward feeling for the child. He lifted her up. She clung to him tightly, crying, her small arms about his neck.

But there was a great relief at Abel's heart, for he knew the Old 'Un hadn't touched her.

He edged his jacket across the small body, sheltering her as best he might, and moved out into the roaring dark.

And the Old 'Un, bewildered and troubled, moved after the only man he might trust in a world grown suddenly hostile, with barred doors.

Behind them, as they came out again into the lane, there was a second fall of tiles, a third and greater fall, then a sudden, rending crash.

Abel checked, peering back. He felt weak and sick, but his arms tightened about the child he carried.

The storm had saved Mr. Cassy the trouble of demolishing the old stables.

They met Mr. Cassy and the search-party at the foot of Gravel Lane. Mr. Cassy held up his lantern, peering close at Abel's face in the dazzling light.

"What was that, Curtis? We——"

But he got no further, for at that moment Mrs. Cassy saw the child. . . .

It seemed to Abel a long time before there was any coherent conversation.

"She was playing hide-and-seek with her nurse, Curtis. It was about the time the men boarding up the stables were having tea at the house.

"They must have left a gap. She hid in the stables—fell asleep, perhaps. Who knows? The nurse thought she'd run after Mrs. Cassy and me.

"And then the carpenters came back and finished the boarding, and—and she was in there. Too scared to call out, probably, when she heard them hammering. And now the stables—*collapsed* ——"

His breath caught in his throat. They walked on through the dark—homeward over the lower paddock, with the wind and the rain in their faces.

MR. CASSY spoke again, his voice low: "We should never have looked for her there, Curtis. If it hadn't been for the Old 'Un—coming home—kicking open that door——"

"In twenty years, rain and shine, he ain't never found the door shut afore," Abel explained.

"And he never will again, Abel," Mrs. Cassy said softly. "You and the Old 'Un are coming to us, Abel—no matter how much Mr. Gurney wants for him. This is where you belong, both of you."

In the darkness, her small hand found Abel's gnarled fingers, gripping them tightly. "*He* knew, Abel—I'm *sure* he knew Joanie was in that awful place!"

But Abel, peering back to assure himself that the Old 'Un was following, said nothing. He understood. The Old 'Un never could 'bide standing about in the rain.

OPPORTUNITY *comes but once in a lifetime—will yours be on page 32?*

You can enjoy life at its best in your old arm-chair to-night if you just step into your tobacconist's, buy a packet of Manikins, and light up when you settle down for the evening.

Manikins are the finest—the most enjoyable of all smokes.

Flavoury as a fine Havana—Mellow as an old Port—and yet quite economical. 10d. buys 5, and your tobacconist will hand over a packet with a smile, for he too knows how good they are.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Wonderful Bargains appear on p. 29.

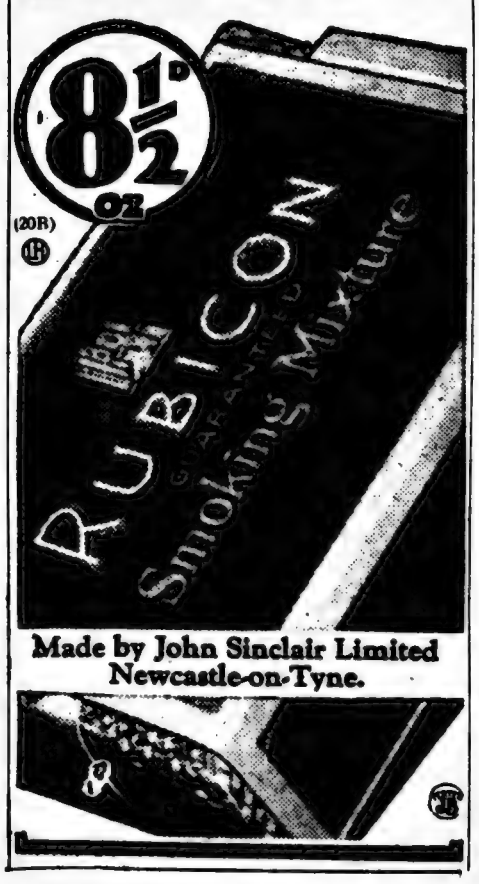
Turn to them NOW!

Does HE like scented Tobacco? NO!

.... The truth is that very few men *really* do, but until John Sinclair introduced his RUBICON MIXTURE they either had to put up with a scented or "doctored" tobacco or be willing to pay anything up to 1/- an ounce for a pure *natural* smoke.

At 8½d. an ounce RUBICON MIXTURE is as economical as most of the *flavoured* and perfumed tobaccos. But there is this vital difference between it and them—every ounce of RUBICON MIXTURE is guaranteed *free* from perfume and artificial flavouring.

Scent and flavouring in tobacco are usually there to cover up the bite and tang of harsh, crude leaf. Rubicon is made from leaf of a quality which needs no disguise. In this long-lasting, money-saving Mixture you get the real, mellow flavour and clean aroma of rich, *natural* leaf.



Made by John Sinclair Limited
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Laugh— Little Lady!

The "bloods" of the town—and the girl at the piano

IN his most recent novel, "Imperial Palace," Arnold Bennett depicts highly-paid dance musicians whose private cars are to be found parked outside the hotel where they are employed.

The picture may be accurate enough so far as it concerns a fortunate few who have engagements with super-luxury hotels; but there are unhappily thousands of gifted musicians to-day who are forced to perform under most distressing conditions.

Many of the smaller hotels and licensed houses throughout the kingdom have their dance bands, pianists, singers, or small groups of musicians, for the entertainment of their guests.

The arrival of the "talkies" has thrown numerous performers out of employment, and some employers, we fear, have not been slow to take advantage of this in order to obtain the services of musicians as cheaply as possible.

Music—and glasses

The landlord of a Thames-side hotel recently telephoned to the headquarters of an organisation devoted to the interests of musicians, and said he would like to engage a performer for five entertainments a week at 25s.

This particular offer was turned down, but doubtless the landlord found someone to accept it. When one is starving any job is better than none.

We happen to know of a young pianist whose musical training cost her parents £400. She was offered a job in an Essex hotel a week or two ago at a salary of 30s. a week.

Apart from playing the piano in the lounge every evening, she would have been expected to supervise midday luncheons and serve behind the bar as occasion demanded.

Another girl who plays and sings from 6 p.m. till closing time for five evenings a week in a South London public-house is paid 24s.

She is but one of many young men and women who, though skilled musicians, are now forced to accept jobs as piano-thumpers and exponents of jazz amid the smoke and chatter of public-houses.

Interesting glimpses of the lives of these people are afforded in the statement of the daughter of a once wealthy man who spent many hundreds of pounds on her voice-training and general musical education.

Hidden drinks

When he was a victim of a big business crash the necessity arose for his daughter to earn her own living.

She started with an opera company at ten guineas a week, but a prolonged nervous breakdown left her in such dire straits that she was forced to accept a post as pianist-vocalist in a North Country hotel.

A kindly-faced old man who was to be her new employer complimented her at her trial performance, and it was arranged that she should receive £3 10s. a week for playing and singing for three hours every evening.

After the first evening the girl noticed that the crowd in the lounge gradually increased, and the young "bloods" of the town began to vie with one another in ordering drinks for the pianist.

Her upbringing had not fitted her for such a situation, but she made a pretence of sipping the various drinks and hid them behind the piano whenever an opportunity presented itself.

On the fifth night she was called into her employer's office and severely reprimanded.

"Look here," he said angrily. "You can't come this goody-goody touch here. Last night you offended Mr. R.

"He bought you a drink and you put it down on the floor and didn't even speak to him. He's my best customer. I can't afford to have him offended."

It was vain for this girl to protest that she had been engaged as a pianist-vocalist. She was bluntly told that it was more important that she should make herself agreeable and attract custom.

* * *

This was the dilemma of a young woman who had to seek employment because her husband was ill and unable to work:

Her ability as a pianist and vocalist won her a post with a provincial public-house, but on the very first night of her engagement the landlord took exception to the fact that she was wearing a wedding-ring.

She was given to understand that "this would put the young men customers off," and upon her refusal to remove it she was summarily dismissed.

A queue of them

Another young musician, engaged to play in a Yorkshire public-house for six days a week, received barely £3 for his services.

Yet he was expected to give a varied and first-class performance in order to please the patrons.

"Keep the customers entertained," he was told, "and they'll spend their evenings here. It's good for trade."

But when he ventured to suggest that, since his services were of such importance to business, they should be better rewarded, he was curtly told that he could make way for someone else if he chose.

There were plenty of talented performers who would jump at the job, he was informed.

That is what the less scrupulous of these employers are banking upon.

They know how precarious things are in the profession at the present moment.

Fair deal

There are, happily, other employers who treat their musicians as human beings and reward them fairly.

But the general conditions are far from ideal, and the tendency to exploit the performers seems to be increasing.

It is difficult for the victims to unite in an effort to enforce better conditions. Not only are they scattered, but they represent varying grades.

There are pianists, vocalists, general entertainers and miscellaneous instrumentalists. The framing of conditions to suit every grade is consequently fraught with difficulties.

Yet their total numerical strength is formidable. It is estimated that there are some 25,000 performers casually employed in licensed houses and hotels throughout the country.

They have a right to recognition and a fair deal.

THE CROSSWORD FAMILY

A FEW days before Christmas, Miss Agnes Simpson held the Editor's letter in her hand. It told her that she was the winner of a half-share in JOHN BULL'S £1,000 Crossword Competition No. 93.

"Well," she said, "it's going to be a real JOHN BULL Christmas this year."

And the other two Crossword enthusiasts solemnly nodded their heads in complete agreement.

For Miss Agnes, her invalid mother and her brother have formed a two-year-old family Crossword circle which has become almost as necessary as JOHN BULL itself.

They've had their small successes, too—but nothing approaching this reward.

Says mother: "I have always enjoyed Crosswords—they take your mind off your troubles when you're laid up like this. I can recommend Crosswords for keeping folks from wearying."

* * *

Well, why worry? This week's competition is on page 32.

C.A.V. *The latest safest & best*

H.T. Radio Accumulators

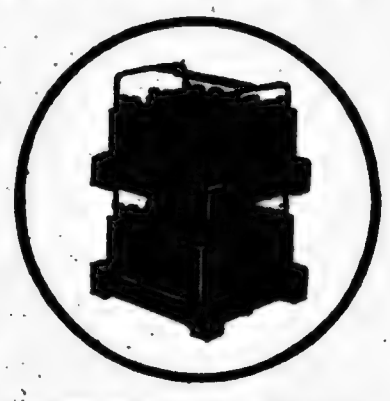
How many H.T. batteries have you discarded long before they have given their whole life, because they starve your valves and give disappointing results? The installation of C.A.V. rechargeable H.T. Accumulators will alter all that.

They are constant throughout the charge, cost little to recharge, and last for years.

They are the safest and purest form of H.T. supply; with no fear of a dangerous shock, and they operate with a total absence of noise, hum and crackling as a background to your broadcast.

Let C.A.V. give you purer, better and cheaper radio.

Radio Battery Catalogue No. 8 will gladly be forwarded upon application.



Two 30-Volt Groups of Units in Carrier Trays showing method of tiering.

Also supplied in 60-volt groups in oak carrying tray.

M105 10-Volts 10,000 Milliamps **12/-**

M103 10-Volts 5,000 Milliamps **6/3**

M101 10-Volts 2,500 Milliamps **5/-**

"Built like Car Batteries."

C.A.V. Vandervell & Co. Ltd. ACTON, LONDON, W.3.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

FREE FOR 495 COUPONS

NOTHING TO PAY ROYALTIES INCLUDED

SIZE
BASE, 18 in.
HEIGHT, 16½ in.
DEPTH, 8½ in.
TOP, 12¾ in.

This Base Stand is not included, nor is it necessary, but it may be bought, if desired, for 12/6.

FULL-SIZE 3 VALVE SET
HIGHLY SELECTIVE DENNIS Super PORTABLE

INCLUDING 3 VALVES AND LOUD SPEAKER. In beautifully constructed oak cabinet. Absolutely self-contained. Everything in this full-sized set, including frame aerial, completely built in. No aerial—no earth—no outside wires. Amazing performance. Foreign and British Stations guaranteed with powerful and rich volume. Slow motion dial makes tuning delightfully simple.

PERFORMANCE

A few of the Stations received with this Set:—London Reg.; National; Midland; Daventry 5XX; Eiffel Tower; Radio Paris; Berlin; Hilversum; Brussels; Budapest; Vienna; Milan; Oslo; Bukarest; Langenberg; Rome; Frankfurt; Belgrade; Toulouse; Huizen; Motala; Kalundborg; Katowitz; and many others.

HOW THIS OFFER IS POSSIBLE

The makers of this Set and the component parts and the makers of the Permos Batteries and Permos Accumulators, together with ourselves, contribute towards the cost of this expensive offer in order to obtain a world-wide advertisement and distribution for their products and our Navy Club Cigarettes.

PERMOS Batteries are Best and Cheapest and are recommended for this Set

DO NOT MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Ask your tobacconist to-day for a packet of

FABIAN'S Navy Club VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Many other valuable Gifts from 10 Coupons upwards

QUALITY BETTER THAN EVER

Nothing has been sacrificed in the quality or size of Navy Club Cigarettes. On the contrary, following the reduction in cost of Tobacco, the finest Virginia Tobacco procurable is now being used in Navy Club, and consequently the smoker obtains a 10 for 10d. Cigarette at 10 for 6d. in Navy Club.

.....25 FREE COUPONS.....

Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope and enclose one empty carton of NAVY CLUB Cigarettes to:

L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.37),
74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send 25 Free Coupons with list of Gifts and particulars explaining

HOW I CAN GET AT ONCE

Your Dennis Super 3 Valve Portable Wireless Set

AND COLLECT COUPONS AFTER.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN COUNTY

L. & J. FABIAN B... 74 NEW BOND ST. LONDON W.1

DURING SALE

(See also page 27)

THE BEVA BOOT.

222H. At the price, this boot represents amazing value. The uppers, of solid ¼ in. Beva Leather, are yet as pliable as a glove, and the whole boot is strongly built by expert craftsmen. It is absolutely waterproofed and will retain its shape and appearance indefinitely through the hardest wear. In Black or Tan.

UNLINED UPPERS ⅛" THICKNESS
DOUBLE WATERPROOF TONGUE
ALL LEATHER WHOLE-LIFT HEELS
SOLID LEATHER INNER SOLE
STOUT FIRST QUALITY ALL-LEATHER SOLE

20/- POST FREE.

USUAL PRICE 35/-

POST YOUR ORDER NOW!

ALL SIZES. 3—10. (Size 11, 1/- ex. 12 & 13, 5/- ex.)

BOLSOM BROS. Dept 8.1, 157-8, Strand, LONDON.

Daughter of Mrs. Fahey, Salford.

Salford Doctor finds Remedy for Croup

Mrs. Fahey reports:—"Baby had a dreadful attack of croup and we got the doctor. Under his directions, we rubbed her with Vick brand Vapour-Rub and he said that the results were wonderful. She soon went to sleep and woke in the morning well."

Rubbed on the throat and chest "Vick" gives quick relief for spasmodic croup; being used externally, it is safe for the youngest child.

Salve Acts in 2 Ways.

Rubbed on at night for colds, it has a double action—(1) as a vapour, inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages; (2) through the skin, like a poultice.

Regular size now only 2/-; half size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Best for Children's Colds

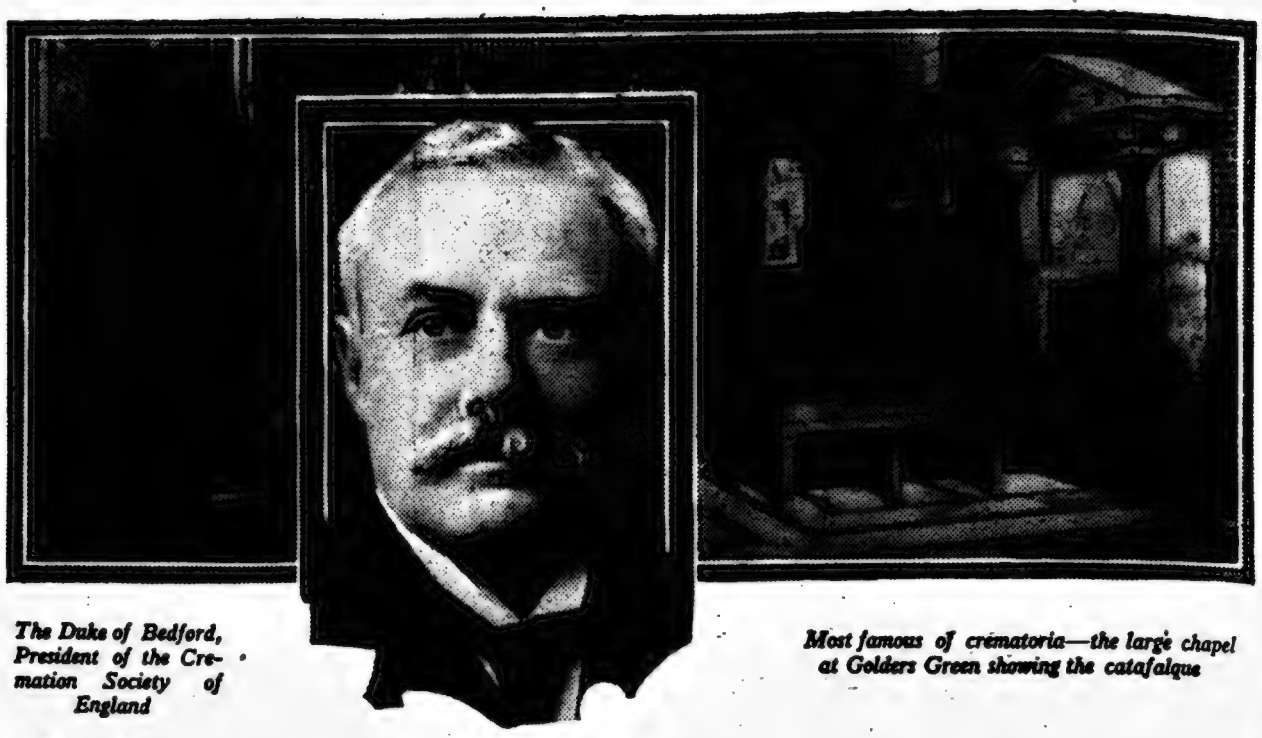
Don't spoil expensive records

USE the needles that are scientifically made to give minimum wear to your records, and faithfully reproduce every note.

SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES

From Music Dealers and Stores everywhere, from 6d. per box.

Made by:
J. STEAD & CO., LTD., SHEFFIELD.
GRAMOPHONE NEEDLE SPECIALISTS.
J.B.



The Duke of Bedford, President of the Cremation Society of England

Most famous of crematoria—the large chapel at Golders Green showing the catafalque

DEATH CERTIFICATE SECRETS

THERE is one aspect of our social manners and customs which a newspaper can only approach with reverence and great diffidence—that is burial. Death comes soon or late, and it has its rites and ceremonials.

There was a day when the very poor always saved enough to be buried "proper." This meant black horses, with nodding plumes, coachmen and mutes and weepers, who looked dismal and actually wept—at a price.

JOHN BULL, without prejudice, presents some facts about a growing system of burning bodies instead of burying them. It is called cremation.

Only a few weeks ago new legislation came into force making the practice of cremation less difficult.

A highly respected London coroner stated at a recent inquest that it is doubtful whether or not cremation would destroy all trace of murder.

To date there have been some 50,000 cremations in England since the system was first introduced in 1884. On the statement of a recent Home Secretary there has never been one single instance in that period when the slightest suspicion attached to one of those cremations.

In the same period scores of exhumations took place with earth burials, and in many cases suspicions were all too well founded.

The reason for this immunity from suspicion of foul play is that in cremation medical investigation takes place *before* the body is consigned to its last resting-place, and not after.

Doctors cannot tell

Consider the difference in the mere legal formalities between the two systems.

Where a person has died and is to be buried a doctor can under law grant a certificate as long as he has seen the deceased person within a fortnight of death.

There are many recorded instances in which certificates have been granted in this way, and subsequent events have caused coroners to hold inquests.

It has then been shown that the cause of death was something entirely different, though not necessarily involving any crime.

A simple illustration of this is the case of a man who committed suicide in North Devon. The doctor gave a certificate showing the cause of death as influenza. He was duly censured.

The man had influenza when the doctor last saw him, but actually he poisoned himself.

Doctors are very frequently overwhelmed by work, particularly in the poorer areas. In giving countless certificates of patients they have not seen immediately before death they are morally certain of the cause.

But in the odd case it may be murder.

The granting of a cremation certificate is far more stringent.

First of all, the nearest relative or executor under a will must make a statutory declaration.

Then the last medical attendant must fill up a form after having seen and examined the person after death.

Amongst numerous searching medical questions, he has also to say whether he is a relative or has any pecuniary interest in the death of the deceased.

Relatives barred

After that a confirmatory certificate must be obtained from an independent doctor of not less than five years' standing, who must not be a relative or a partner of the last attendant.

This doctor must also examine the deceased, and he must state whether he has questioned the last doctor, the relatives, nurses and other persons, and whether he saw them alone.

Finally, these certificates go before a medical referee, who is officially appointed by the Home Office. He is usually an expert in pathology.

He alone has the right to grant or withhold a cremation certificate on the information before him.

Could the poisoner face such an enquiry as this? Would he or she care to face a double medical examination of the victim, and run the gauntlet of the questions of a skilled and competent stranger?

Is it possible, or even probable, that had cremation been a generally adopted system in this country numerous multiple murders which have shocked the country from time to time would never have been committed?

Such persons as Chapman, for instance, and Pritchard would have claimed one victim, perhaps, but no more. Yet they pursued their crimes to the *n*th degree.

Could Armstrong have "got away with it" if the same stringent regulations were applied to bodily burial?

A great many people want to know how the civilised world looks on this system of cremation.

England has twenty crematoria, Germany has eighty-five, and tiny Switzerland has twenty-four. A strong Catholic country like Italy, with a total of thirty-six, has almost double those in England.

What is done with a person's body is a matter for himself. Some are cremated; a tiny minority "will" their bodies to the hospitals for research.

The great majority like to think their bodies will rest in God's Acre—in the kindly earth.

This applies to all white peoples, but there are millions of Asiatics who have been accustomed to cremation right through the recorded centuries.

The average cost per interment in a burial ground in England is £4 12s. 6d. for municipal charges. It can range as high as £12 or £15.

The cost of a cremation is £6 6s., and occasionally even less. For a person of limited means the entire costs need not exceed ten guineas, as against £12 for the cheapest London funeral.

The comparatively few people who order their bodies to be cremated are not confined to any class.

Religion seems to have no objection. In the last twenty years nearly a dozen Bishops have been cremated, and other dignitaries like the late Dean of Westminster.

On the factful side: twenty-five square miles of England are given over to the cemeteries. Over £5,000,000 has been expended on this land.

—or playing fields?

The average annual expenditure by municipalities on burial-grounds is £1,500,000, and the income is considerably less.

Nearly every local authority bears a loss on each interment, and the payment is made out of the local rates. The amount varies. Cambridge loses £9 17s. 4½d. per interment; West Ham 1s. 10d.

Every year more and more valuable space is taken for new burying-grounds, and those in favour of the cremation system claim that there is no necessity for this waste of land and health and money.

They claim, too, that their crematoria, their Gardens of Rest where the ashes are disposed, the chapels and the columbaria where the urns are housed are small, self-contained buildings.

Unlike the neglected cemeteries, they can be made beautiful, because they are built to last.

There remains a sentiment which is as deep as death, the sentiment of one's fathers—the honourable life, the fitting and ceremonial close with friends around. May it be that sentiment and science are the same thing?

I EAT WHAT I LIKE

thanks to "White Lions"

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

THOUSANDS of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative—Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 Tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. **2/6** (144), and **7/-** (432).

Below are some further examples of "SHADFORTH" PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR. They will save you many a doctor's bill. Keep them in your medicine chest! In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class chemist guarantees the quality of these excellent prescriptions.

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your failing-to-pieces feeling.

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

NEURASTHENIA and Nervous Breakdown

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. The **Shadforth Neurasthenia Prescription (No. 470)** acts like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets). This can be taken alternatively with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on.

(See opposite.)

OBESITY

SHADFORTH TREATMENT (No. 575/DD).

comprises:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals.
(2) Marienbad Salts to be taken in the morning and before meals.
(3) A special Fat Reducing Massage Cream.
(4) A special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin.

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful, and costs 7/6 (2 weeks' treatment), and 14/6 (4 weeks' treatment).

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 33)** in boxes at 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills).

CATARRH

Cold in the Nose
Bronchial Cough—Influenza

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest, and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small.
Price 2/6, 4/6, 8/6 and 13/-.

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

For backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of: Potas Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 40).**
Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 tablets).

CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

SCIATICA-NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "**Shadspro,**" the new pain-killer (**No. 283**). This formula is non-purgative, and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

CRITICAL TIME

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE

TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

Your face and skin are nourished, preserved and beautified by **Shadforth (Medicated) Milk of Sulphur Soap (No. 1064).** Costs 1/3.

For redness, roughness and blemishes, apply **Complexion Tonic Lotion** after washing, twice daily. Costs 2/9 and 5/-. Prescription No. 785.

For Acne or Blackheads, Spots, Pimples and Sallow Skin and Dull Eyes, you need internal treatment in addition. This is provided in **Complexion Tonic Tablets.** They act like magic. Prescription 442. Cost 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144), and 9/- (432 tablets).

GOUT, RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, ARTHRITIS.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 74/T)

comprises:

(1) A pill which drives out the uric acid.
(2) A tablet which kills pain and reduces inflammation.
(3) A Rubefacient which stimulates the flow of blood and disperses the pain.

This treatment is excellent for Neuritis, Arthritis, Sciatica and similar pains.

Trial Course, 5/6. Full Course, 10/6. Double Course, 20/-.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR HEART AND ARTERIES

Don't be alarmed at heart attacks. Live your normal span; palpitation, tremblings, heart attacks, depression, nervousness, insomnia, hardening of the arteries are only serious when neglected. **Shadforth Blood Pressure Reducing Tablets (No. 1,123)** quickly restore the arteries to their youthful vigour. They cost only 2/6 and 4/6. These steady the heart, strengthen the nerves, and provide the tonic you need. Full directions supplied. Two or three weeks of this treatment will make you feel 20 years younger.

More Shadforth Prescriptions that *ALWAYS* Bring Relief.

No. 850. **Psoriasis, Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Hair Falling Out). Special Ointment, 1/6 and 4/-.**
No. 930. **Do., do., do. Special Birch Tar Soap for use with** No 850, at 1/-
No. 20. **Wrinkle Cream. 1/6 and 3/6 per jar.**
No. 929. **Special Wrinkle Soap to use with** No. 20, 1/-.
No. 896. **Ox Gall Obesity Soap, 1/3.**
No. 1064. **Milk Sulphur Complexion Soap, 1/3.**
No. 1080B. **Special Olive Oil Baby Soap, 1/-.**
No. 801. **Corns, Bunions, Hard Skin. Special Salve at 9d.**
No. 940. **Do. do. do. Special Formalin Soap to use with** No. 801, at 1/-.
No. 581. **Chilblains, Chaps, Sore Skin, etc. Special Cream at 1/3.**
No. 1085. **Special Chilblain Tablet for Cold Weather at 1/3 and 2/- to use with** No. 581.
No. 1126. **Premature Old Age, Gland Weakness, at 6/6 and 12/6** (in tablets).
No. 394. **Piles, at 2/6 (72) and 4/6** (144 pills).
No. 331. **Cough, Bronchial Catarrh, at 2/6 and 4/6.**
No. 829TX. **Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets, at 1/6 (50) and 2/9** (100 tablets).
No. 1108. **Arterio Sclerosis (for Brittle Arteries), 2/6.**
No. 882. **Flatulent Dyspepsia, Gastritis, 1/6 and 2/9.**
No. 1063. **Vitamin Sunshine Tonic Tablets, 2/6, 4/6.**
No. 5651K. **Neuritis Old Salts, at 2/6.**
No. 1083. **Special Pile Ointment, 2/6.**
No. 645/I.. **Hygienic Douche for Women, 2/6** (72)
Full formula in plain English and directions sent with each.

All these prescriptions are obtainable post free at these special prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd.,

49 (J.B. 109), King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

Branches: 168, *High Street, Walthamstow, E.17*; 409, *Barking Road, East Ham, E.6*; 1a, *Durban Road, West Ham, E.15*; 6, *Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath*; 2, *Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park*; 44, *London Road, Romford*; 1148, *Green Lane, Becontree Heath*; and 63, *Grove Road, Rose, E.3. Garages also hold stock. Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Squires, Lewis and Burrows, Parkes and all live chemists stock, or gladly obtain to order at short notice.*

FREE—WITH EVERY FIRST ORDER!

A Book every "John Bull" reader ought to possess!

The Shadforth book containing dozens of Prescriptions, written in plain English, will be sent Free of charge with your first order.

'the' Mincemeat

Put it there

RECIPE FOR
. . . FRUIT CAKE

1. Grease tin and then line with flaky paste.
2. Fill with good thick layer of Robertson's Mincemeat ("GOLDEN SHRED" Brand), cover with remaining paste.
3. Mark into squares and prick with fork.
4. Now brush over lightly with water.
5. Bake in moderately hot oven twenty-five to thirty minutes.
6. Cut into squares and dredge well with castor sugar.

Serve fruit cakes hot or re-heat as required.

Robertson's Mincemeat
GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

M.2.

Blind Man's Holiday . . .

Those precious idle few minutes when the fire glows and you'll soon have to turn on the light and draw the curtains.
Night Lights give a light like that too, neither harsh, active daylight, nor oppressive darkness, but a soft light that rounds off a room's corners—slipping you gently off to sleep.
If you are ill, nervy, wakeful, there's comfort in a box of Price's Night Lights.

Send 3d. in stamps for a sample box of Price's Night Lights to Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., Dept. JBC, London, S.W.11.

Always keep a box handy

PRICE'S
NIGHT LIGHTS

Buy a box to-day!

A VETERAN WITH A BRAZIER

"If you think it's not work, try it yourself"

THERE is one who must work without respite, however festive the season, however inclement the weather. At night, merry-makers returning home see the glow of his red fire through the frosty darkness.

He is seated there, in his frail canvas hut, bent low over the fire, muffled in overcoat and wraps, his legs wrapped in sacking.

Is he asleep? He sits there motionless, so it is hard to tell. But now and again you will catch a side movement of the head, which shows he is awake.

And now and again he will arise and slowly walk round the trenches where, during the day, labourers have been digging.

He is inspecting his lights—the ruby lanterns which warn traffic that there is danger.

It is hardly work, you may say, just to sit quietly in a hut, and toast your feet at a glowing coke fire and snooze.

If you think it is not to be dignified with the term "work," this watchman's job, just try it for yourself.

Regulars and casuals

Now, then, please remember that the watchman's average shift lasts fourteen hours. Sitting in one confined space for fourteen hours is no joke, as any ex-convict can tell, and the watchman has a hut which is smaller than the cell of a prison.

The watchman on a road-repairing job has a harder time, in some ways, than does his colleague who watches on a building job. But there are compensations.

The road-watchman gets better money, in most cases. Men on road jobs work for the public authorities.

Many London boroughs and provincial towns keep two lists of watchmen—the "regulars" and the "casuals."

The first list consists of men who have had long service in municipal employ. They have perhaps been street-cleaners, dustmen, labourers. Watchmen's jobs are reserved for old men and cripples.

On the casual list are outside men who hope to get a night's work once or twice a week, with luck.

But even a regular is paid by the shift only, and never knows when he will be laid off.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, you will see them arriving at the municipal depot or works.

It is a procession of age or infirmity. There are some splendid old men here, with great shoulders and arms which reveal that their possessors once wielded a hefty pick on countless navvying jobs.

Box of mysteries

Here is a man with a wooden leg, and there one whose left hand is missing.

Most of the watchmen propel before them a little wooden, home-made barrow affair, on two wheels, evidently constructed from a soap-box.

This is used to carry their lengths of sacking—"We wrap it round our knees so that our trousers won't scorch," said a fine old Irish lad of seventy, smiling.

The barrow also contains the evening's issue of coke—one bushel—for the watchman's fire; the brazier which is constructed from a battered bucket, well perforated; and also the daily supply of oil for his lights.

This afternoon call at the office is also for the purpose of ascertaining who is going to work this day and where.

The men who get tickets are informed as to what job they are going to. This also causes some discussion and comment.

Fifteen hours

One man likes a big main thoroughfare, with plenty of life. There will be plenty to interest and amuse him, perhaps until midnight.

Another man likes the quiet streets—because he is studious, perhaps, and wants to read without interruption!

Cripples, of course, like their jobs near home.

After three, the men are free until work begins. Five o'clock is starting-time in most places. And the watchman must stay on the job until seven or eight the next morning—fourteen or fifteen hours' vigil.

His first care is the lamps. Each of the red warning lights is carefully inspected, cleaned and refilled. They must be hung in the right spots.

A policeman has the right to order a watchman to alter the disposition of his lamps if the officer considers that they do not offer sufficient warning to motorists and others.

It is a responsible job, and the watchman is a very useful public servant, upon whom depends the safety of many.

Let us say that the job is the laying of a 24-in. water-main. That means digging a big trench, for you have to have room for men to get down there, too, in order to make the joints.

It makes a hole plenty big enough for a motor-bus or a lorry to dive into, if the lights were not there to warn them.

On moonless or foggy nights, particularly, the motorist, whether on pleasure or business bent, owes a good deal to the faithfulness and watchfulness of the veterans who sit in their sentry-boxes, keeping keen vigil over their lamps.

In London, especially a gala night, watchmen on West London jobs must be specially vigilant.

Some young bloods esteem it a clever and admirable prank to steal red lanterns from an aged or crippled watchman—who is responsible to his employers for them—and thus to imperil traffic.

And sometimes it is the "real" thief (who, unlike the young blood, risks prison) for whom a look-out must be kept.

The watchman is responsible for all tools and material left on the job, and some of these are valuable—lead, for instance, which is easily disposed of and unidentifiable, and therefore coveted by some thieves.

For this work, our watchman gets anything from 7s. 6d. to 9s. per shift of fourteen hours. Some private contractors pay as little as 7s. 6d.; the Public Works Conciliation Board rate is 8s. 6d.

A few London boroughs pay as high as 9s. 7d. per shift. And the men earn it.

Like mummies

Don't forget the week-ends, when the watchman goes on shift on Saturday at twelve noon, and stays there until Monday morning at seven or eight o'clock.

Perhaps they're going on the job as you read this, or already are sitting by the glowing coke-bucket.

Two waistcoats, two coats and, maybe, two pairs of trousers—against the winter cold. They're settling down to a long, cold night of it.

Some with a book—one old chap is a first-rate knitter; some play patience for hours on end. The glow of the clay pipe is a red spark in the dark interior of the hut.

The old watchman is happy if the policeman on the beat stops for ten minutes' chat—and the policeman is probably just as glad of the chance on his solitary round.

It's a dull, monotonous job, but a very necessary one, and one which these veterans of industry undertake with ability and good will.

Stiff joints

GET INSTANT RELIEF THIS WAY

You can rid yourself speedily of pains and stiffness in joints and muscles. Apply a little Sloan's Liniment gently—no rubbing, no waiting. Instantly you feel its warming, soothing action. Soon all pain is quite gone. Thousands keep Sloan's handy and find in it quick relief from Rheumatic Aches and Pains. Get a bottle to-day. Test it. See how quickly it kills pain.

Use Sloan's for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, and for all Muscular Pains.

"I have used your wonderful Sloan's Liniment for Stiffness, Sprains and Neuralgia, and find it is the only thing that kills pain and gives relief."
—Mr. A. Cooper, Oatlands Mere, Weybridge.

Sloan's LINIMENT *At all Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 4/-* **KILLS PAIN**

£650 AND HAMPERS WON.

Result of "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 94.

The only correct solution in the above contest was received from:—

MR. J. W. ECCLESTON, 75, Auburn Avenue, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition a cheque for £600 will be despatched.

Solutions containing one error were received from the following nine competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £5 11s. 2d.

Clayworthy, F., 55, Frederick Street, Goldthorpe, Yorks.
Cornnell, J., 24, Ensor Street, off Derby Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Hutt, J. T., 97, Fentham Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.
Jordan, J., 8, Union Street, Blackburn.
Moore, J., 11, Monksbridge Avenue, Knightswood, Glasgow.
Roper, J. P., 86, New Zealand Road, Cardiff.
Smith, P. W., Baubigny Cottages, St. Sampsons, Guernsey.
Sobey, C. W., 84, Broughton Road, South Shields.
Thornton, Mrs. G., 3, Poets Corner, Margate, Kent.

In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of the £600 and each of the 9 winners who share £50 will receive an extra award of a "John Bull" Hamper.

Another 2000 X-Word appears on Page 22 Try your skill now!

After Outdoor Exercise Wash Out Your Pores with

Cuticura Soap

and hot water

Anoint any redness or roughness with **Cuticura Ointment.** Nothing better for keeping the skin in good condition.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

BENEFITS FOR 1931.

Read the full list of Benefits on Page 2.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
J.B., 3/1/31.

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and address.....
of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. [J.B., 3/1/31.

CUT HERE

OUR GREAT ANNUAL SALE

This, the greatest sale in the boot trade, is our "once a year" way of achieving two objects:—

Stimulating turnover during the slack period, thus keeping our factories on full time, and—disposing of the residue of our 1930 stock to make more room for new season's goods.

We need not tell you that guaranteed footwear at this price is a staggering challenge to the rest of the trade—but let us point out that our stocks of these lines are strictly limited.

All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation, so—

Post your order at once!

~~14/9~~ ~~11/6~~ ~~12/6~~

REDUCED TO **10/6** Post 1/- Extra

B.B. No. 334H. Welted Derby Boot in Black Box Calf, Medium and Broad fittings. Also in Balmoral style.
B.B. No. 338H. Welted Gibson shoe in real Black Box Calf or Tan. Also in Oxford or Brogue styles.
Also with best English leather soles.

ITSHIDE

TREBLE LIFE SOLES & HEELS

6 MONTHS GUARANTEE

ENCLOSED WITH EVERY PAIR

NEW WEMBLEY BOOT

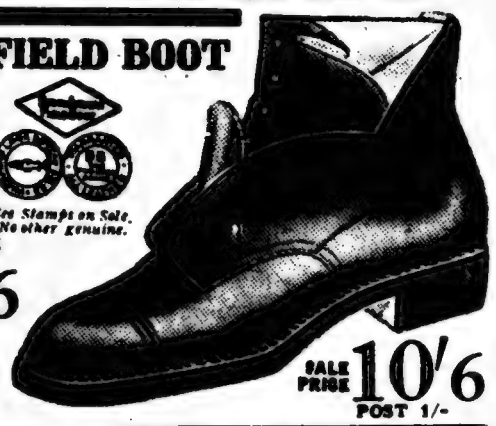
B.B.435H. With Itshide Soles and Heels, full back uppers of bright Chrome Box Calf or Tan, leather lined to toe, full double tongue, screwed and stitched to heel. Ideal for policemen, postmen, farmers, sportsmen and outdoor men generally. Value unequalled elsewhere. Also without toe-cap. Also with best English leather soles.

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOT

B.B.32H. Black, Full Chrome Box Calf or Tan uppers, stitched to heel. Leather lined throughout, double tongue, waterproofed. Wear guaranteed. Smart in appearance, excellent for comfort, and suitable for every purpose and walk in life.

See Stamps on Sole. No other genuine.

SALE PRICE **10/6** POST 1/-



SALE PRICE **10/6** POST 1/-

BRITISH GOVT. PATTERN ARMY BOOT (Made by Government Army Contractors).

No. 75H. Real Kip Uppers, with case toe-caps, screwed and stitched to heel, waterproof, solid butt leather soles, all-leather lift heels. In Black or Tan. These boots will stand up to the hardest wear in all weathers and are extremely comfortable. Passed by experts.

POST TO-DAY

To avoid disappointment send your order to-day with remittance (add postage)—or use the C.O.D. way and pay the postman.
Ask for a copy of our "Bargain Mail"—Footwear, Clothing, Hosiery, etc., at sensational reductions.

See also page 23.

All Footwear Illustrated stocked in sizes 5-10 (size 11 1/- extra, 12 and 13 2/6 extra).

BOLSOM BROS 1928 LTD

Dept. S.1, 157/8, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

SALE ON AT ALL OUR BRANCHES:

*ALDGATE: 36, Aldgate High St., E.C.3. FOREST GATE: 1a, Woodgrange Rd., E.7. POPLAR: 99, Chrisp St., E.14. *BETHNAL GREEN: 163/5, Green St., E.2. *VICTORIA DOCK: 59-61, Rathbone St., E.16. SUTTON: 151, High Street. UPTON PARK: 221, Green St., E.13. WOOD GREEN: 143, High Road, E.22. CROYDON: 130a, North End. *OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

VAPEX
INHALANT

Cures Colds safely

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour—and that is all! No treatment could be simpler, safer or more effective. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists
2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

V.53

Put down your Cigarette

and see how it burns itself away. Soon nothing will be left except ash. You get only half value and hot smokes from such cigarettes.

Roll your own cigarettes in the chemical free A.G. paper. Light up and notice the difference, especially the coolness. See how slowly they burn and they cost you less too, *much less*, when you use

AG *the paper of perfect purity—*

and chemical free

Puzzling DOUBLE TRIANGLE

Human Documents

Here you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. "HUMANIST" will deal with your difficulty through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published, the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

DURING our holidays together in the summer my younger sister and I met two young men, brothers. We were constantly together, and it ended in a courtship between the four of us.

Curiously, the elder brother was most attracted by my sister, who is six years younger than myself, while I and the younger brother paired off.

In a very few weeks we were married, and it was a double wedding.

My sister is a really beautiful girl, and as we are two orphans we have always been together.

So it seemed the natural thing not to separate entirely, although we were now married, but to rent a large house so that we each could have half.

We are still in this place. It is right out in the country. We each have our own living and bed rooms and share a very delightful, big garden.

Our men folk work in the city, and both have good posts.

But trouble began when my sister, finding she could not get on with her own husband, began to take mine—the younger man—on every possible occasion.

I am quiet and domesticated. She is fond of gaiety and dancing.

When my husband first began accompanying my sister to these amusements I merely smiled indulgently, but the matter has developed past enduring.

For instance, hating to see my brother-in-law sit alone night after night while my husband was gallivanting about with my sister, I would invite him to come into my room to listen to the wireless.

Then I discovered that he was being neglected and lived almost entirely on tinned food, so I would make him a nice supper, and in the end we spent our quiet evenings together.

I discovered that my brother-in-law shares my love of children, which my sister and my husband both hate, and it has gradually come to all four of us that a terrible mistake in partners has been made.

All of us feel this so much that for many weeks now we have lived separately, and what I want your advice about is my sister's proposal.

She thinks we ought to end the situation, and so do I.

My sister says no one knows us here, so why not just change husbands and have done with it.

She says lots of her new acquaintances already think she is married to my husband, but though such an arrangement would suit me very well—and the two men would certainly be agreeable—I don't know what to do for the best.

"HUMANIST" says: Whatever mistake has been made, it is certain that downright immorality won't mend it. I advise you to end the present deadlock by separating your households.

In homes of your own, alone with your lawful partners, all four of you may find it easier to come to your senses.

FIGHT WITH FINGERS
that itch

A YOUNG fellow of twenty, I am the only son of my mother, who was widowed in the war. I have been on the wrong road ever since I left school at fourteen.

With no father to fear, I felt free of restraint, and I simply gave way to a terrible itch for picking and stealing, which seemed ingrained.

I could not keep my hands off any little valuable I found lying about, and every job I got I lost through petty dishonesty of this sort.

How I escaped the police-court can only be explained by the sympathy that many of my employers felt for my mother.

At last, now being older, I got into a serious difficulty. I falsified some accounts, and this was too much for even a lenient boss.

I ran away, was caught, and hauled before the magistrate. I could make no defence and was sent to prison.

Here, for the first time in my life, I really began to think. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, besides having learnt my lesson that crime does not pay.

I resolved, even with tears, that when I got free I would make good.

This resolution was more easily made than put into execution. I am debarred by my own past from making amends. Whenever I apply for a job, references are asked for and then I am dished.

If I tell the truth it is just as bad, for none will trust an ex-thief.

I have now been out of work for months, and the temptation to steal again is becoming unbearable, simply because no one will give me a chance.

"HUMANIST" says: Be man enough to stick to your resolution to go straight. It will be a fight, but you need not wage it alone.

If you will write to the organisation whose address I am sending, you will be in touch with those who have great experience in helping ex-prisoners, and I am convinced they will help you.

BOY WHO PREYS
on indulgent mother

MARRIED when twenty, I was a mental nurse, and my husband was engaged in the same occupation. He was nearly ten years older than I, quiet and reserved, and I felt that in trusting myself to him I was really ensuring my happiness.

The reverse proved true. He was given to boasting and drink, and could, upon occasions, become actively abusive and cruel.

In the end I left him; yet enough of the old affection lasted to bring me back to his side when he pleaded with tears for my forgiveness.

I have remained with him ever since, struggling, remonstrating and enduring, and am now the mother of two young sons both entering upon their career.

Although I have had to be father and mother both, I have always tried to bring up the lads to respect their real father. Unhappily, my eldest son respects no one, not even himself.

He robbed the baby's money-box, and ran away to the coast, where he got a situation with a forged reference.

For this he fell into the hands of the police, but I averted tragedy by paying all expenses and pleading hard with his employer.

In another job he robbed his employers, but in the end I squared the matter and he was given into my charge on condition that I looked after him.

For some time I made my reports to the probation officer, and with his assistance I managed to get the boy into an Army job where he has been for three years.

But when he comes home I have the greatest difficulty to prevent him over staying his leave. He has borrowed money from me and writes impudent letters when I ask him about it.

"HUMANIST" says: You are ruining your son by your foolish indulgence. Tell him that he must sink or swim by his own endeavours in future.

So long as you beg him off and pay for his escapades he will rely upon you and never do better.

"HOT" *Views for* "FANS"

Football Forecasts for January 3—by Our Expert

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) BOLTON v. Huddersfield.
(2) Birmingham v. DERBY.
(3) Blackpool v. Blackburn.
(4) Grimsby v. NEWCASTLE.
(5) Leeds v. ARSENAL.
(6) Leicester v. MANCHESTER CITY.
*(7) LIVERPOOL v. Middlesbrough.
(8) Manchester United v. CHELSEA.
*(9) WEDNESDAY v. Sheffield United.
(10) Sunderland v. Portsmouth.
(11) WEST HAM v. Aston Villa.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) PORT VALE v. Bristol City.
(2) BRADFORD CITY v. Barnsley.
(3) BURNLEY v. Southampton.
(4) MILLWALL v. Charlton.
(5) NOTTS FOREST v. Bradford.
*(6) OLDHAM v. Stoke.
(7) Plymouth v. Bury.
**(8) PRESTON v. Reading.
(9) SWANSEA v. Everton.
(10) HOTSPUR v. Wolverhampton.
**(11) W.B. ALBION v. Cardiff.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) Newport v. NORTHAMPTON.
(2) BRISTOL R. v. Brentford.
*(3) COVENTRY v. Orient.
(4) Exeter v. Brighton.
(5) Fulham v. Notts.
(6) Gillingham v. Torquay.
(7) Luton v. Palace.
(8) Q.P. Rangers v. Norwich.
(9) SOUTHEND v. Bascombe.
*(10) SWINDON v. Watford.
**(11) WALSALL v. Thames.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) Southport v. TRANMERE.
(2) Accrington v. WREXHAM.
(3) Barrow v. CARLISLE.
**(4) CHESTERFIELD v. York.
**(5) DARLINGTON v. Nelson.
(6) Gateshead v. HULL.
(7) HALIFAX v. Wigan.
(8) NEW BRIGHTON v. Hartlepools.
(9) ROCHDALE v. Crewe.
(10) ROTHERHAM v. Doncaster.
(11) STOCKPORT v. Lincoln.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Clyde v. ST. MIRREN.
(2) ABERDEEN v. Cowdenbeath.
(3) East Fife v. HEARTS.
(4) FALKIRK v. Ayr.
**(5) HAMILTON v. Leith.
(6) Hibernians v. CELTIC.
(7) KILMARNOCK v. Airdrie.
(8) Morton v. PARTICK.
(9) Queen's Park v. MOTHERWELL.
**(10) RANGERS v. Dundee.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

This Week's Star

Alec Jackson
Chelsea stalwart

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—7(*H*); Div. II.—8(*H*), 11(*H*); Southern Section—11(*H*); Northern Section—4(*H*), 5(*H*); Scottish League—5(*H*), 10(*H*) would indicate Liverpool, Preston, W.B. Albion, Walsall, Chesterfield, Darlington, Hamilton and Rangers.

BABY-CLOTHES

A BEAUTIFUL HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE. (Everything Necessary) **30/-**

A purchaser writes:—"Highly satisfied. The materials alone would cost me much more."

75 Modern Garments, Silk and Wool Shawl, Bunt Robes, Matinée, Lawn or Wincyette Barrycloth Longcloth or Flan, Nightdress, Wrapper Vests, Binders, Long Back Flannels (Garme or Body), Flicker, Wool Knitted Matinee Coats, Terry Napkins, Bibs, etc. Worth £5. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thousands of testimonials received. Call or send 2/- for parcel on approval to a mother. 15 years' experience. (Instalments cash or terms)

Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

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THIS MODEL 1/6 A WEEK

This PRAM YOURS for 5/9 1st payment of and then 5/- monthly payments of £2 each. Supplied all complete with storm apron, with storm flap, washable leather cloth hood, celluloid covered hood joints, 4 mudguards, cycle spoke wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, safety brake. Sent ON APPROVAL. Carriage Paid. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. SEE WHAT YOU SAVE. Other models with DUNLOP EVER-LASTING TYRES and Ball Bearing Wheels. WRITE NOW!

IMPERIAL BABY CARS (Dept. K) 212-216, Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London, N.1.

NEW HAIR NEXT WEEK

The Famous 'WAVEX' ELECTRIC COMB

NOW 6D

LET GLORIOUS WAVY HAIR BE YOURS.

BATTERY 3d EXTRA

A "Wavex" Electric Comb brings hair beauty and banishes all hair troubles—conquers baldness, stops falling hair, restores colour. It costs 6d. (battery 3d. extra) and saves expensive hairdresser's charges. "Wavex" Comb will be sent, complete under plain sealed cover, for 1/- post free from:—

WAVEX, 24, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2

AMAZING EASY TERMS

Only 25/-

FREE GOLD TIE PIN of special make and design. Given absolutely FREE with every order.

ONLY 1/- DOWN

Brings this handsome Watch direct to you. Gent.'s Solid Nickel Silver Chromium non-tarnishable mirror dustproof Keyless Wrist Watch. Solid leather hand-sewn strap. Fitted with the New 1931 "Ingano" super high-grade resistance movement. Proof against extreme climatic variations, absolutely dependable action. Sunray silvered dial. Exactly as illustrated. Every watch covered by our ten years' written guarantee. Send to-day and secure your FREE GIFT. Reduced manufacturing costs enable us to offer this watch at the amazing price of 25/- instead of 2 Guineas. Yours for 1/- down, on receipt of watch 2/-, and 1/- every week until 25/- is paid. Cash with order or C.O.D. 23/6 only. Illustrated folder sent free. Write to-day to:—

ROBERTS & CO., Jewellers and Silversmiths (Dept. J.B.O) 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Biggest Value IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES

90 SQ.FT. for 15/-

DAMP and ROT PROOF

specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fixing.

PAROLEUM

(all rolls 2 yards wide)

Many pretty patterns to choose from.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

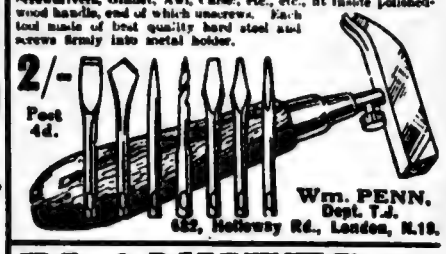
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, LONDON, S.E.17

9 TOOLS IN ONE for 2/-

The "HANDY-MAN" COMPACT SET

A necessity in home, workshop, garage and car. The nine Tools, including Hammer and Nail-lifter, wide and narrow Screwdrivers, Gimlet, Awl, Chisel, etc., etc., fit inside polished-wood handle, end of which unscrews. Each tool made of best quality hard steel and screws firmly into metal holder.

2/- Post 4d.



Wm. PENN, Dept. T.J. 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

BLANKETS

White, Red and Camel

PURE WOOL

Only one of the many letters received every day.

14, W. Road. Dec. 1st, 1930

Dear Sirs,

Many thanks for parcel received on the 27th. We are delighted with goods, especially with the Blankets.

Yours faithfully, A. M. R.

Size 60 x 82 5/- EACH

68 x 88 7/6 EACH

PRICE LISTS FREE. Post 9d.

Write for free samples Rug and Knitting Wools.

NEWCASTLE WOOL CO. (Dept. 80), *THE QUALITY WAREHOUSE*, 160, NEW BRIDGE ST., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BLUE MELTON POLICE TROUSERS BREECHES

To advertise our 84 page catalogue of over 300 Government Bargains we are making a special offer of a pair of guaranteed Blue melton trousers for 7/6 or BREECHES with strapping 8/6 Postage on one or two pairs 9d. Over 40 in. waist, 1/- extra.

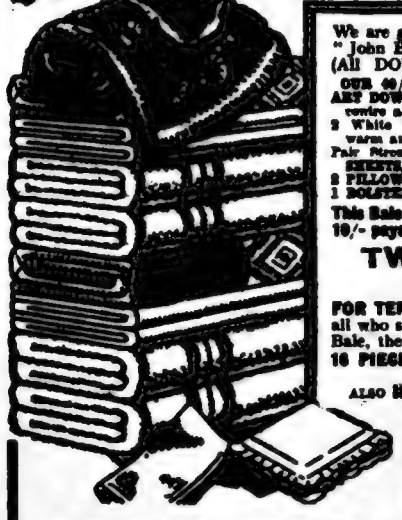
FAIR WEAR or a pair GIVEN FREE

C.O.D. if preferred.

Cut from surplus Melton overcoating and made up into heavy melton garments as tough as iron, and we guarantee to replace should they fail. Remember each refunded is not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working man's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

Complete Bedding Bales FREE



We are giving away complete bedding bales to all readers of "John Bull" who send for our 40/- Monster Bedding Bales. (All DOUBLE-BED SIZE.) (All CARRIAGE PAID.)

OUR 40/- BALE CONTAINS:	THE FREE BALE, which is given to all purchasers, contains the following:—
ART DOWN QUILT (lovely floral cretonne and pekoe to blend);	2 WOOLLY BLANKETS;
2 White WOOLLY BLANKETS, warm and enduring, 90 x 70;	2 SHEETS, LANCASHIRE WOVEN;
Pair Strong Lancashire WOVEN SHEETS, 80 x 90 in.;	1 QUILT;
2 PILLOW CASES, or	2 PILLOW CASES, or
1 BOLSTER CASE.	1 BOLSTER CASE.

This Sale and Free Sale will be sent on payment of 10/- deposit, 10/- payable on delivery and 2 monthly payments of 10/-.

TWO GIGANTIC EXTRA GIFTS

FOR TEN MORE DAYS ONLY we are giving entirely free to all who send full cash with order for our 40/- Bale and Free Bale, the following two extra gifts:—

16 PIECES CUTLERY, 4 fine Sheffield Knives, 4 Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons and 4 Tea Spoons;

ALSO HANDSOME 21-PIECE TEA-SET in beautiful designs.

FREE TEA-SETS

NOTE.—The above two extra gifts are for full cash with order only, and will not be sent to credit customers.

Don't miss this stupendous offer. It will never be repeated.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

KILBURN SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 42) 190, CAMBRIDGE RD., Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

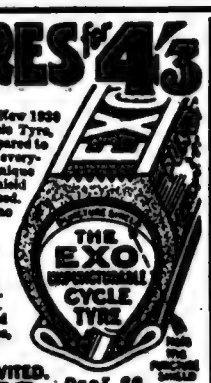
A Novice can erect. 6 Sections to bolt together. 6 in. weatherboards. Planed Framing. Roofing Felt. Useful for storage Cycles, Workshops, etc. Prompt Dispatch. Span roof type, as left illustration.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	52 . 6 . 0.	of 11/11 of 6/0
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	84 . 12 . 6.	of 16/6 of 8/7
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	96 . 14 . 6.	of 22/7 of 12/4
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	87 . 9 . 0.	of 26/1 of 13/6

Carr. Paid. Send for Free Book No. 66. Many sizes & designs.

J. THORN & SONS (BOX 66), BRAMPTON RD., BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.

8/6 TYRES for 4/3



We want every cyclist to try our New 1930 "Exo" UNPUNCTURABLE Cycle Tyre, and for the time being we are prepared to supply at HALF-PRICE. Sold everywhere at 8/6. Fitted with unique Puncture Shield—the only shield which does not "slow" the speed. No more roadside delays—no more messy patching.

GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS.

Thousands sold—thousands delighted. Thousands of testimonials. Price 4/3. Post 9d. Two 8/- post paid. State size. MONEY BACK TERMS. Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories, Novelties, etc.

TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED. MOORHOUSES, DEPT 89 PRESTON, LEICS

"They laughed at first—

but when I began to play—a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!" "Who was your teacher?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?"

So writes a student of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note.* The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age!

Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods). SEND p.c. for FREE Book and FREE advice—Say Advanced, Moderate or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 81), 115, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

BOYS' KNICKERS

GIGANTIC SALE of Government Serge bought at huge discount for cash.

AT 2/3

Postage 3d. Sizes 00 to 6 for boys aged 3—11.

5,000 pairs of Boys' Knickers cut to our usual high standard of fit from genuine Government Serge, guaranteed fast dye. Lined throughout with strong Twill, these Knickers will stand up to the hardest wear and will wash like new. To-day's value 3/11. Stocks are strictly limited and positively cannot be repeated at the price.

Also 1,500 pairs of Toddlers' Knickers in best quality remnant Velour Cloth with or without shoulder straps. Colours Wine, Fawn, Brown, Grey, etc. For boys aged 2 to 4. 2/3. Postage 3d.

FAITH BROS., Ltd. (Dept., J 4), 238-240, North End Rd., London, S.W.6

Write also for "CLEAR THE DECK" Sale List.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED

20/- free

ONE WEEK ONLY!

To advertise this complete bale for 20/-

2 Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets, 90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips, 30 x 18
1 Bolster Case, 58 x 18
1 Lovely hand painted Bedspread 80 x 60

All double bed size.

We are giving free of cost a 66 by 48 beautiful wadded

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Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Free.

If cash sent with order, we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings.

Money back if not satisfied.

MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO. Dept. B.4, 110, Grosvenor St., MANCHESTER.

WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

2 Soft Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
1 Coloured Turkish Towel.

Made for lasting wear.

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

Complete 20/- Carr. Free.

Immediate delivery.

Cash or C.O.D.

Money back if not satisfied.

FREE GIFTS

A HANDSOME WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Bale.

STANDARD SHEET CO. Dept. E.4, 165, Princess Street, MANCHESTER.

2/6 will make your dog a Life Member of the world famous

TAIL-WAGGERS' CLUB

£20,000 doggy pals enrolled. Fee 2/6 brings handsome silver medallion bearing owner's name and address (required by Government), certificate entitling to free advice on dog management, 100-page Club Handbook and "Dog Owners' Guide," 32-page "Tail-Wagger" Magazine. All proceeds go to dog charity. £10,620 already handed over. Club does not, and never has, endorsed vivisection. Send P.O. 2/6, dog's name and your name and address to:—Tail-Wagger-in-Chief, 17, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

SENSATIONAL! RADIO

The "MIRACLE VICTORY" is marvellous. Simple to operate, yet gives enormous range of stations at full strength, with superb tone. Handsome cabinet, with artistic panel in oxidised silver colour, and magnificent Cabinet Cone Speaker. SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES, complete with Cossor Valves, etc., ready to switch on, from 5/6 down.

SEND COUPON in 1d. stamped unsealed envelope to:

The World's Wireless Stores, Wallington, Surrey

Please send me FREE ART PLATES of "Miracle" Sets.

NAME .....

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Write in CAPITAL Letters, using a pencil.

Write for lists

The MIRACLE VICTORY

FROM 5/6 DOWN

HIDE GAUNTLETS

Overall length 15 inches

Of pliable nut-brown stout hide, specially treated to render absolutely waterproof.

Cut in one piece, fingers gusseted and lined lining. These splendid Gloves are well-nigh indestructible and will give endless wear.

Postage 6d. 3/11

Money-back Guarantee.

Take advantage of these surplus Government Military Gauntlet Gloves now, as they are an absolute bargain and undoubtedly cost treble our price to produce.

Full Men's size only.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

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Business all the Year Round

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The same Generous Terms as offered on the Flat apply to

NATIONAL HUNT RACING

NO LIMIT—
WIN OR PLACE.

Bets on Favourites accepted for Singles, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators.

Books now open on all the Big Events,

LINCOLNSHIRE,
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The Highest Possible Odds with the Greatest Possible Security offered on the

CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPON.

Send for Rules and Lists.

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

All persons exposed to cold weather should take

KOMPO FOR COLDS

The Universal Remedy
FOR
COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROATS, Etc.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

J. F. WHITE & Co., Chemists, LEEDS

Gall Stones
AND JAUNDICE

Mrs. Matthews, 52, Copperfield Grove, Leeds, writes:—

"I had been in pain for over two years at intervals and under the doctor. Finally I broke down and the doctor said I had got Gall Stones and Jaundice and that I would have to have an operation. He also told me that he had despaired twice in one week, but your wonderful Vitadatio saved my life and I have had no return since.

If you are a sufferer—Get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or post, 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free, from

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V.121

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

Our Letter Parliament

SOME people prefer to take their walks alone, while others feel that a good companion greatly increases the pleasure and enjoyment of a long tramp.

The stony paths are not so hard, nor the uphill climb so steep, while the beauties of the view are all the more enjoyable if shared.

And so with life. A partner in the best sense of the word, a good husband or wife, increases life's joys, halves its sorrows, and, if there are children, makes for an infinitely happier, fuller and more useful existence than can be achieved by any single man or woman. —*E. M. Heyman, London, S.W.*

The Secret

I have had thirty-one years' triumphant proof of wedded bliss. That is my case for the JOHN BULL jury and judge.

The evidence rests on mutual love, towards which my seniority of eleven years over my wife has proved to be an aid, not a ground of incompatibility.

My wife has "made" me, brought out my best, and even misunderstandings have been powerless to move the rock of our connubial esteem and devotion.

Difficulties have the more firmly rooted our oneness, but the secret of happiness has been mutual self-control, give and take.—*Geo. H. Brunt, Norfolk.*

Poor Adam!

Married bliss no longer exists, for the simple reason that women nowadays refuse to pull their weight in life's partnership.

They marry for what they can get out of poor Adam—clothes, food, cars, luxuries—and refuse to do housework in return.

"Oh!" they say, "we didn't marry to be slaves to a man," and promptly go home to mother and squeeze a maintenance allowance out of Adam.—*E. G. H., Walsall.*

Sailors Do Care

Home at last! There's a scampering of feet in the hall, the door opens, and I am hugged, kissed, pulled, patted, all at one moment.

Into a room, modest but warm, with a glow other than the fire, a hundred questions and answers.

Contentment? Yes; for ten whole days I will be husband, lover, father, playmate, putting aside the fact that for six months I will be single again.

But, pacing the bridge in the midnight watches, I will hear again: "Doodnight, daddy; Dod bess you."

Can you beat it?—*J. A. Bulcock, Norwich.*

MY CASE FOR WEDDED—or SINGLE BLISS

"John Bull's" "Letter Parliament" is a sure barometer of public opinion. So we asked for correspondents' views as to whether married or single bliss was the better. Letters from all classes and from all over the country have been received, and only about 10 per cent. favour single bliss! Now, who says home and family life are declining?

Gone!

The married man is no longer free. His will is not his own, neither is his purse.

Gone are the jolly friends of his bachelor days, for hardly ever may a benedict hope to keep the pals with whom he heard the chimes at midnight.

Not for him to pack a toothbrush and set out on a glorious adventure, carrying all his responsibilities under his hat.

"Mugton-on-the-Mud, same as last year, my dear; we really cannot afford Deauville," will be unknown to me when August comes round.—*Not Caught, Plaistow.*

Tinselled Splendour

How dismal, bachelor, is thy lot.
Life's dreary path, how lone.
No love-shared hearth, no children's cot,
No home to call thine own.

The vacuous gossip of the club,
Its cheerless, fireless grate;
The tinselled splendour of the pub.
May suit thee, celibate.

But what can equal on this earth
The gladness that is mine?
My boy's shrill laugh, my girl's wild mirth,
Bring happiness divine.

A loving wife my kingdom rules,
My heir romps on my knee.
Keep spurious joys for single fools,
But wedded bliss for me.

—*J. M., London, E.*

Fatal "I Will"

I have watched friends and relatives marry, and have observed the gradual change of genial, care-free fellows to silent, embittered men.

One and all have discovered, to their cost, that familiarity breeds—if not contempt—indifference and boredom, which in turn lead to "words" and general misery.

The flowery pretence which obtains during courtship ends at the fatal words "I will," after which the imperfections of the contracting parties are revealed in all their nakedness.—*Happy Bachelor, Edinburgh.*

What a Name!

A miner's wife, I am happy as mistress of our tiny cottage, in spite of trials and troubles peculiar to the lives of miners.

I possess the love and respect of a good husband and five winsome children, which is wealth indeed.

Poverty came in at our door long ago and stayed, but love steadfastly declines to fly out of the window.

I'm "Mother," a name which makes the world kin.—*B. P., Glos.*

What a Lot—

Given the right type of wife and a reasonable income, I am all for marriage.

It is inspiring, invigorating, decent and jolly. Working for helpmeet, children and home spurs a man on.

It is educating and steadying, too. Think what a lot you must learn to be able to answer the bairns' questions. How moral, truthful and above petty spite you must be to keep their respect.

Oh, the charm of returning from work to a womanly woman, a cosy room, a good meal daintily set, and a recital of the baby's latest funny speech or act of mischief.—*T. I., York.*

Wedded Spinster

I am a spinster, and have every intention of remaining one. My bliss, as such, is not far from perfect.

My time, when not working, is entirely my own, and my work is of such intense interest that it is quite enough for me to be wedded to it alone.

I am not at the beck and call of any man, and I never want to be.—*H. G. C. London, S.W.*

Not for Sale

Before my marriage I had a good home, as regards food, comfort, etc., my people being well off.

I married a working-class man, with an average weekly wage.

I have the love of a good man, my boy and girl, my home, and all that I need within reason.

My people foretold disaster, but I have no regrets. Riches cannot buy happiness and contentment.—*A. M. K., Plymouth.*

* * *

Numerous and ever-increasing divorce suits speak of real wretchedness in married life. Thousands more prefer their misery to publicity.—*London Scot.*

Two people, seeking each other's good, find better results than another two seeking separately for their own.—*T. Storey, Longsight.*

Behold to-day old men and women of thirty or thereabouts and a lot of half-starved children. Thank God for single bliss.—*C. C. McNeill, Glasgow.*

I am quite satisfied with myself as I am, and don't intend putting myself in any woman's hands for remodelling.—*W. D. H., Northumberland.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Cat o' Nine Tails

I AM one of the few sporting journalists who did not jump in immediately the "Lincolnshire" entries appeared with half-a-dozen likely ones for the Carholme event.

As money invested before the weights and acceptances are published usually helps to swell the bookmakers' banking accounts, I considered I was doing my followers a good turn, but several hardened sinners think otherwise.

One goes so far as to point out that layers are giving away New Year presents in the way of prices. So here goes.

Cat o' Nine Tails makes the biggest appeal to me, for, although R. J. Colling's horse figures as favourite at 16 to 1, I know that he has been backed at much longer odds, and has been earmarked for the race.

I quote the betting synopsis of the Cambridgeshire, which is illuminating:

"On the numbers being hoisted a demonstration in favour of Cat o' Nine Tails became most marked, and with 100 to 6 exhausted, this 'springer' ran merrily along to 100 to 8 and 10 to 1, and finally was forced to 8 to 1, becoming a sound second favourite."

Cat o' Nine Tails let down his backers, but I was told the money was only lent, and, from the way he ran, I believe it.

We can take it that Slipper will run, if not overweighted, but I do not think he is likely to beat Alcyon, owned by Mr. Edward Esmond. This four-year-old trounced Vatout at the Bois-de-Boulogne last time out.

My third and last selection is Lord Glanely's Burgee, at present on the 33 to 1 mark.

Many horses are put to hurdling when they sour of flat racing, but there is nothing wrong with Burgee's heart. He is as game as they are made, and is being kept at concert pitch by I. Anthony at Wroughton.

Syrian and Privit's Pride, my "double" for the big prizes at Manchester, stand good. I shall leave the minor events to the Code.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 1, to Wednesday, January 7.

B	X	D	R	F	E	J	L	S	W	T	A	N	G	Q	K
P	C	V	Z	I	H	U	M	O	Y	73	74	75	76	78	79

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OWZP7475 would read SYRIAN.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

XS2MH would read COOLE.

"SILVER RING."

HOW I HAVE CREATED EMPLOYMENT

Even the humblest person is frequently asked to help in finding someone a job

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 6.

It needs no wiping!

The New Gillette Blade

YOUR work ends when your shave ends, with the New Gillette Blade. Simply loosen the head of the razor . . . rinse . . . shake dry. That's all! No wiping—the blade is rust-resisting. No more cut towels! No more tedious drying of the blade.

Yet this is only *one* of the improvements in the *New* Gillette Blade. Its new cut-out corners enable it to fit flusher into the cap of the *New* Gillette Razor, eliminating the main cause of "razor-pull."

Its square blade-ends make for safer handling with wet fingers. They shave closer in those little places round the nose, mouth and ears difficult to reach with the old rounded blade.

Buy a packet of the New Gillette Blades on your way home to-night. Gillette Safety Razor Limited, 184-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

The New Gillette Blades fit also the old razor.

Prices:
2/3 packet of 5
4/6 packet of 10

GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE

Genuine GILLETTE 3-hole BLADES for the original GILLETTE RAZOR

Reduced to

2/6 A PACKET OF 10

1/3 A PACKET OF 5

Gillette

The *New* Gillette Shave

"JOHN BULL'S" SENSATIONAL GIFT

Thousands of delighted readers!

"THE BEST YET."
". . . my thanks and appreciation for the package. The value it represents surpasses all previous offers. . . . ."—Mr. A. C. Gasson, 48, Harwich Rd., Colchester.

"EXCELLENT"
". . . it is an excellent gift and I feel sure you are justified in your valuation of it. . . . ."—Mr. T. Ashbrook, Old Pale, Tulsall, Nr. Chester.

"A PROUD READER."
Received Christmas Gift Package with which I am more than pleased. I shall be proud to recommend it. —G. Nash, 10, Clarendon Road, Reading.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING."
". . . words cannot express what this 'THREE-fold' Christmas Package is like. It takes the age-worn phrase of 'Seeing is believing' to convince."—Mr. W. Brace, 7, Elizabeth Pl., Clyde Rd., Tottenham, N.15

One Shilling Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until January 31st.

1

ONLY 8 DAYS MORE

What "JOHN BULL" offers you Free!

(1) A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER which will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 5/- Lever Filler "John Bull" Pen fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. **A 5 years' written guarantee** sent with each pen. Universally admitted to be worth 15/-

(2) A 24-CARAT GOLD-PLATED GILLETTE RAZOR of the very latest pattern, "the greatest shaving improvement in 28 years." The blade, like the razor, is of an entirely new pattern, made of processed steel which resists rust. Packed in handsome and compact metal case

(3) A 3/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL of an entirely new design. The lovely colours accentuate the dazzling brilliance of the gold-plated mountings. Unscrew the base and you will find rubber and refills at your service. A clip just gives it the finishing touch.

Hurry up, before this Sensational Offer closes.

Pen and Pencil are packed in an attractive presentation box. Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Cut out the Shilling Gift Voucher, attach it to Coupon below and post at once.

"JOHN BULL'S" GIFT COUPON.
To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 27, Floral St., London, W.C.2.

I enclose "JOHN BULL'S" GIFT VOUCHER value 1/-, which please accept in part payment of the famous 5/- "JOHN BULL" PEN. This also entitles me to the Free Presentation Razor Set and 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. I enclose Postal Order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra. Tube of Pencil Refills 3d.

Fine, medium, broad nib (cross out grades not required). Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

(8) J.B., 3/1/31.

WHY REST YOUR LEG?

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when all other treatments have failed, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol System of Treatment, and under it, patients' legs are soundly and permanently healed and made well without resting in bed, without neglecting their work for one single day, and the Treatment can be carried out at home by the patients' own fireside with complete success. But this is not all. Every form of Bad Leg succumbs to this Treatment. Varicose Ulcers melt away, and, even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes, Skin afflictions die away, and swollen and painful legs become painless. Inflammation, burning, and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, SORE LEGS, SKIN DISEASES, SWOLLEN LEGS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life opened out before you—Your Leg made sound and well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME.
HEALS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.
ENABLES YOU TO WORK IN COMFORT
RELIEVES YOU FROM ALL LEG WORRY.
TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
BRINGS BETTER HEALTH AND ITS SUCCESS IS CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A Valuable Book entitled "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why," giving full particulars of this powerful treatment, is sent free of charge to all bad leg sufferers, together with a beautiful Album of Coloured Plates showing how the Treatment cures, and a list of Cured Cases in your own district. Written by a Staff of Bad Leg Specialists, the Book is chockful of sound practical advice and information of tremendous importance to sufferers. It deals with every form of bad leg and shows how to bring about a speedy and lasting cure, even when all other treatments have failed. As the edition is limited and when exhausted will not be reissued, sufferers desiring a free copy of this valuable book (price 3/6) should apply at once to prevent disappointment.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can heal your leg in your own home **WITHOUT REST, OPERATION or FAILURE.**

This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward H.G., GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** describing your case, and the BOOK, BEAUTIFUL ALBUM, AND LIST OF CURED PATIENTS

WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this great Free Offer to all who write, the National Infirmary willingly give free consultations to all Bad Leg sufferers who care to call. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day (Sundays excepted).

Post this Coupon to us TO-DAY, or call for FREE PERSONAL CONSULTATION.

FREE COUPON

(WARD H.G.),

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Great Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your valuable book, "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why," and full particulars of the Tremol Treatment.

Signed.....

.....

(Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev.)

Address.....

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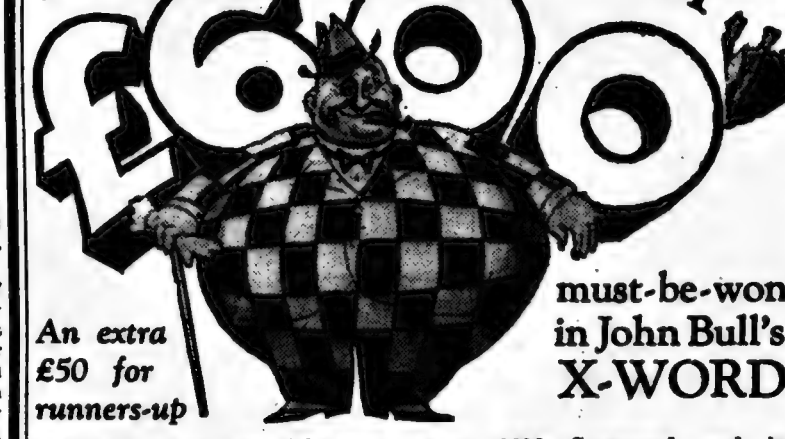
State Complaint..... .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

A Big Fat Cheque for £600



An extra £50 for runners-up

must-be-won in John Bull's X-WORD

Plump for the big prize right away. Don't waste time, fill up the squares and make your dream a solid reality. Everyone has an equal opportunity in "John Bull's" great £600 Crossword, and in addition there is £50 for runners up as well as a splendid "John Bull" Hamper brimming with good things for every prizewinner.

'XTRA X-WORD PRIZES.

In addition to the £650 Cash prizes, an extra prize of a big "John Bull" Hamper will be awarded to every prize-winner in this week's contest.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 96, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prize-winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a "John Bull" Hamper. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), January 8th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 15th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Jan. 22nd, 1931.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS.** Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 96), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),** so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **January 8th.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, January 22nd.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, January 27th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only, and must be accompanied by a remittance of £1, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

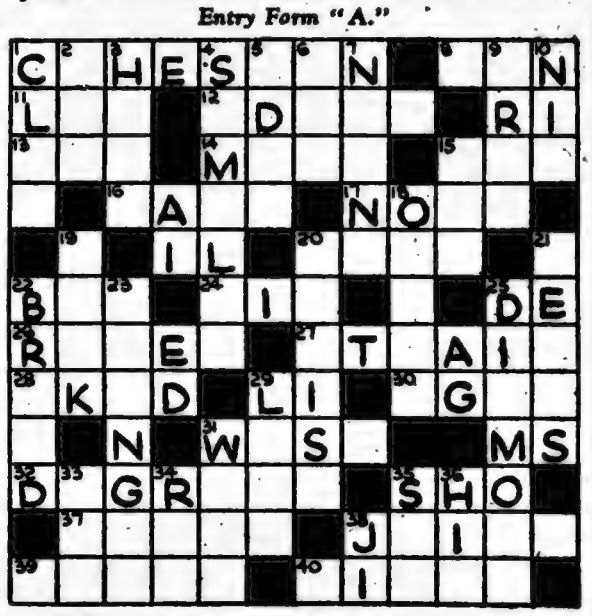
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), January 8th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 96

Entry Form "A."



JB 96

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

JB 96

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), January 8th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

1. ADHERINCE.
8. A SCRATCH FROM THIS IS NASTY.
11. UNTRUTH.
12. WHAT YOUTH SHOULD HAVE.
13. EVERYTHING.
14. FORENOON.
15. SOAKED BREAD.
16. LEAKAGE IN THIS CAUSES TROUBLE.
17. NAME OF A THING.
20. FUNERAL PILE.
22. LARGE SNAKE.
24. ATMOSPHERE.
26. WANDERER.
27. ACHIEVE.
28. EXTENDED.
30. OLD-FASHIONED EXCLAMATION.
31. THIS FRIGHTENS SONNY.
32. REDUCE IN RANK.
37. PREPARED.
38. PLUMBER MAKES.
39. THIS BETRAYS CARELESS COOK.
40. DONE TO GOLD.

Clues Down.

1. STICKS CLOSELY.
2. GREASY FLUID.
3. LIFEBOAT'S PART.
4. HAVING A RESEMBLANCE.
5. IMAGE.
6. OVER (POETIC).
7. FEMALE GOAT.
9. COMMON METAL.
10. PINCH.
15. PROCEED AGAINST.
18. SPEAK.
19. NEEDED ON ANGLING HOLIDAY.
20. COMMENDATION.
21. TRUE FRIEND DOES IF REQUIRED.
22. THIS SHOULD BE PURE.
23. TAKES JUST SATISFACTION.
25. PRECIOUS STONE.
29. GENTLEWOMAN.
31. PADDLE.
33. AN AGE.
34. RODENT.
35. MALE CHILD.
36. HASTEN.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Winners in Crossword No. 94 appear on page 27.

Solution of "John Bull's" X-Word No. 95

In consequence of the later closing date of Crossword No. 95, the solution will not appear until next week's issue, on sale, Jan. 8th, 1931.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the £600 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the £600 be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—£600 MUST BE WON.

M. W. (Whitby).—"A large number of men belong to clubs." And it's surprising how many of them think the clubs belong to them

The Editor REPLIES

F. N. (Coulsdon).—"My wife has fixed opinions." Agree with her and she'll alter them.

A. N. (Dover).—"Our new servant boils the eggs very hard." You're lucky she stops so long.

Miss S. (Balham).—"I think I look my best when dressed in blue." We look our best when in the pink.

G. B. (Dorking).—"I wrote this sonnet in my spare time." Fortunately, we haven't any spare time to read it.

G. K. (Totnes).—"My husband never touches any kind of sweets for dinner." Then you needn't worry over trifles.

C. H. (Walthamstow).—"A billiard tournament is being arranged among housemaids." Big breaks seem assured.

FINANCIER (Lombard Lane).—"Have you noticed the latest finance returns?" We have noticed that ours never returns.

FILM FAN (Stockwell).—"Why is it Charlie Chaplin refuses to make a talkie?" He is too funny for words.

G. K. (Totnes).—"A man in America who advertised for a wife married the first applicant." The early bird got the worm.

Miss C. (Fishergate).—"I don't know whether to keep my hair short or let it grow." We suppose you have decided on the colour.

M. B. (London, S.W.).—"Our library doesn't appear to keep books on the art of fishing." Have you tried the fiction section?

J. J. (Highgate).—"He called me a liar, a cheat and a pug-nosed puppy." Perhaps there's something about you he doesn't quite like.

E. V. (Redhill).—"If a man is unpopular, it shows that what he says is right." Many football referees will be glad to hear this.

A. U. (Petersham).—"What is the most marvellous thing you have ever seen?" A house which is exactly like the agent's description of it.

S. G. (Nunhead).—"When playing billiards I miss the easiest shots owing to my eyes playing me tricks." Perhaps that's your cue to take a long rest.

M. V. (Chiswick).—"What do you suggest for relieving the congestion on the pavement during the winter sales?" Places where women can park their husbands.

MAUD (Edgware).—"I killed three birds with three shots." What were you aiming at?

S. C. (Bickley).—"Where am I likely to find the finest baby in England?" In any house where there's a baby.

H. Q. D. (New York).—"I've seen nothing quite like your summer." You will if you try our winter.

R. H. (Kenton).—"I used to appear in tragedy, but am now playing in revue." That's a tragedy!

VOCALIST (Lee).—"For singing in Russia I got sacks of flour and potatoes." Did any of them hit you?

SPINSTER (Forest Hill).—"I dread to think of my thirtieth birthday." Why? What happened?

P. J. (Ashtead).—"Old gramophone records can be broken up and sold." But, unfortunately, they aren't.

H. S. (Uckfield).—"Many of the eggs we eat come from China." And also many of those we can't eat.

G. M. (Paris).—"The great Mussolini has never visited Paris." We are surprised that no proposal to have it taken to him has been made.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

A. F. (Acton).—"Five pounds a week is a good salary." But six pounds is better.

T. E. (Oxford).—"My life flashed by me in a second." What a little you must have done then.

S. T. (Batley).—"Without a single thought I married her." Now your single thought is why did you.

E. L. (Darwen).—"What is a repartee?" A smart reply one thinks of about an hour too late.

F. C. (Edinburgh).—"Brewers and athletes have been this year's money-makers." Hop, skip and reap!

MRS. H. (Blandford).—"My husband insisted on carving the turkey himself." Most men like to rule the roast.

B. S. (Cookham).—"My son will do anything to get at his piano." And so, no doubt, would your neighbours.

H. J. (Malton).—"I've got a suit that I can't wear out." We've got one or two that we can't even wear at home.

J. P. (Wivenhoe).—"One man can always make me laugh at his funny stories." How long have you been working for him?

L. G. (Garstang).—"Do you think modern poems have any fire in them?" No, that's why our fire has modern poems in it.

T. P. (London, W.).—"I spent Christmas in England for the first time for twelve years." The slate club kept its eye on you, did it?

GOALKEEPER (Birmingham).—"I hung from the cross-bar when my jersey got caught on one of the net hooks." Another suspended player?

G. K. (Ongar).—"Few men benefit by their misdeeds." What about those American song-writers? They don't seem to be doing so badly.

BROKE (Hassocks).—"I was under the impression that my uncle was expecting me." As he was not at home when you called, you were probably right.

S. M. (Chelsea).—"What would happen if the Government gave every poet twenty pounds a year?" A lot of them would have twenty pounds a year.

O. F. (Gosport).—"I must tell you in confidence that I'm a bill-poster." We get quite enough as it is this time of the year, so please don't post any to us.

G. McT. (Perth).—"My wife gave me a nice new note-case for Christmas, but ——." Put all you can into a *Bullet* this week and we'll put all we can into your wallet. See page 35.

A. F. (London, E.).—"I have been travelling to my office in a bus for five years." One of those wretched traffic jams, we suppose.

J. C. (Dunbar).—"If you don't like the gramophone, just switch it off." But our neighbours probably wouldn't like it if we went next door and did that.

J. N. (Andover).—"When I have a steak at a restaurant, five times out of six it is underdone." We presume the sixth time is when you order it underdone.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

YORKSHIRE POST :—"EXPLOSION of Prominent Red from Party Office."

BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO : —"The discovery was made by a carrier who saw smoke coming from the CHIMNEY of the WINDOW."

RUGBY ADVERTISER :—"Holly for sale, well BURIED."

HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY :—"Captain —— finished third at an average speed of 79 YEARS per hour."

NATIONALIST AND LEINSTER TIMES :—"In trying to balance himself, his hand came in contact with a live WIFE."

BRIDGNORTH JOURNAL :—"Miss —— WAS the ELECTROCUTIONIST."

"NO CLUE" (Novel) :—"She thanked him, STARS swimming in her eyes."

BURY AND HEYWOOD REVIEW :—"Do not fail to see the WIDOWS of ——."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER :—"Mrs. —— will probably invest the money in TROUBLE and WORRY."

COATBRIDGE AND AIRDRIE ADVERTISER : —"The LATE General William Booth (founder of the Salvation Army) WILL SPEAK."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS :—"My parish contains large numbers of people living continually on the border-line of POETRY."

SUNDAY MAIL :—"Once the dwellings of highly respectable merchants whose ANCESTORS now live in palatial mansions."

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

A CLOSING DOWN SALE!

THE WHOLE STOCK of Herbert Chester, a leading London Tailor, has been bought by us at HALF PRICE.

84/- BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS for 45/-

FOR 2/- DOWN

Do not miss a bargain. Many of these Coats were made to be sold at £4 - 4 - 0 and £5 - 5 - 0. We are selling them all at 45/-.

Beautifully made of specially selected woollen Blue Melton Cloth, also in Grey and Brown, guaranteed fast dye. Well tailored lapels, velvet pockets, Silkateen lined. We will send you one on approval, and if you do not think it is a real bargain, return it, and we will refund your deposit.
Send your height and chest measure and colour required. We guarantee to fit you.
Send 2/-, together with 6d. for postage, and agree to pay 6/- per month, after you have had the Coat one month.
Write for our illustrated free catalogue of wonderful bargains and easy to pay terms, or call at our showrooms.

John Blanford (DEPT. J.B.3), 1, 2, & 3, BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Showrooms open 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

MAKE IT 193— WON!

Amazing record of success in "Bullets" by readers of "Everybody's"

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR WITH A BIG PRIZE

If you want it to be a **HAPPY** New Year, then let **EVERYBODY'S**, the longest established and still unquestionably the best guide to all Competitions, help you to win some of the Prizes. There will be as big offers in 1931 as there were last year, when competitors had before them prizes totalling the amazing sum of

£30,000 A WEEK.

Most of the big prizes went to readers of **EVERYBODY'S**, including nearly all the big pension prizes offered for "**Bullets.**" For the last four weeks in succession all the winners of "**Bullets**" firsts have been readers of "**EVERYBODY'S.**" "Everybody's most useful." "Best and Brightest of Weeklies."—they wire.

Don't you want to join this happy band of prize-winners?

Put a smile on your face, as they have done, by winning a worth-while prize. Remember, **EVERYBODY'S** gives solutions with alternatives of all Crosswords and Picture Puzzle contests. Everybody's will help you, in fact, with every Competition there is.

EVERYBODY'S is more than just a competition guide. It is profusely illustrated with photographs, sketches, cartoons the work of a large number of world-famous artists. There are also complete gripping, thrilling, and romantic stories by novelists, and vigorous articles by the world's foremost writers. **EVERYBODY'S** is a paper that if you once see you will always want. So sure are we of **FREE** this that we are ready to send you a copy free and post paid.

Apply on a postcard **NOW** to **EVERYBODY'S, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Or go out and buy a copy.**

Everybody's

The Popular Weekly

Everywhere. 32 Pages. 2d.

OUR *New Year* GIFT

BETTER times in 1931! We hope so and believe so; we have always said so; we share the national toast to more jobs, fatter purses, fuller larders, peace and progress in industry, amity among the nations.

But whatever wave of national good fortune sweeps in on the wings of the New Year there will always be the unlucky ones. There will always be those who will lose in the game. There will always be those who will suffer.

Fate will still play its tomboy pranks; chance will bring many a freak trick down its sleeve to trump the happiness of the most contented home.

No Act of Parliament can magically stamp out sickness. The demon fire will laugh at Downing Street. No political or economical hand will stem the floods. Accidents will happen just the same.

Pack up your troubles

The thought can be borne with philosophy. These things probably won't happen to you! You can always think that they will happen to the other fellow.

But JOHN BULL's great Free Insurance Scheme, our New Year's gift to all, will remove that irritating little load on your mind.

You can't forget how the home of the Smiths up the road was ruined over that fire of theirs: or you live in the flood areas and know what happened last year.

Scores of thousands of these little—and big—worries are on record in the offices of JOHN BULL. Our free insurance staff has seen right into the mind of the people.

There is an old saying that the first visitor to cross the threshold of your door in the New Year must be a dark man.

Better still, if he brings you wine, bread and a lump of coal; then, indeed, will your home be blessed.

That is folklore.

What is fact is that there looms in the doorway of your home every New Year the stolid, comforting figure of JOHN BULL, offering to those who will accept it a gift that will bring peace of mind throughout the ensuing twelve months.

His is a real helping hand. His great insurance gift is the greatest gift in season—and it's free.

Over 60,000 benefits have now been paid under the scheme. During the past year alone cheques were received by no fewer than 12,285 registered readers.

In the dead of night

Human stories in abundance exist to prove how JOHN BULL is the friend who stands by in time of need.

Think of Mr. Wendes, for instance. He was a woodman living in a little cottage near East Meon, Hampshire.

In the dead of night a smouldering joist in the old-time chimney burst into flames and the little dwelling quickly became a roaring furnace.

His wife and three children, happily, were rescued. Nothing was left of the home save the blackened walls—and, a few days later, the cheque from JOHN BULL enabled him to make a fresh start.

"Little did we think we were living on top of a volcano," was his graphic way of describing the disaster. He never thought such a thing could happen to him. But it did.

And now take a peep into a home in Boston, Lincolnshire. A splendid little chap of twelve is tucking his baby sister safely and snugly between the bedclothes.

He kisses her good-night, blows out the candle and scampers off to his own bed.

But a spark had alighted on the bedclothes. It glows; little wreaths of smoke arise while the little ones sleep. Soon the room is ablaze.

Out of the ruins

They are rescued in the nick of time, but the bedroom is a ruin. The JOHN BULL cheque that speedily follows makes good the loss.

It might have been your kiddies and your bedroom!

Fire, indeed, is the most dreaded of all risks, but JOHN BULL is alone among the newspapers in paying fire benefit. Over 3,263 cheques for fire havoc were distributed last year alone.

JOHN BULL is also unique inasmuch as it alone pays storm and flood benefits.

And what a year 1930 was for floods, which lashed the country with their fury.

Readers in striken villages were marooned; bridges were swept away; rivers burst their banks; streets were transformed into surging torrents.

JOHN BULL representatives were active in the danger zones. As fast as reports were received at headquarters cheques were speeded to the sufferers.

DEVASTATION

The demon fire wreaks havoc—but "John Bull" stands by, a friend in time of need

They proved a godsend to those in distress.

One case among scores was that of a Woodbridge reader whose lower rooms were inundated with ten inches of water which, when it receded, left behind thick layers of mud.

With tears in her eyes the reader confessed that but for our timely cheque her home would have remained a ruin.

A friend in need

In the little village of Barrow-on-Humber lightning struck a home; the ceilings collapsed on the sleepers below. Part of the chimney crashed through the roof and the furniture was ruined. JOHN BULL came to the rescue.

Accidents in the home have also taken heavy toll of our readers. During the year that has passed 1,500 cheques were despatched under this heading.

Dusting the mantelpiece, cleaning the stove, hoisting the clothes line—who would imagine that danger could lurk in such simple duties?

Yet they caused numerous casualties last year. We were glad and willing to help.

And sickness. It is a sad day when the breadwinner is unable to earn his regular weekly wage. We realise that and have provided for it.

Load lifted

Last year we distributed over 1,300 sickness cheques—cheques which purchased those little extra luxuries for the patient and which hastened convalescence, cheques which lifted a load of worry about the doctor's bill.

The children, too, are not forgotten. A notable feature of the work of our free insurance department during 1930 was the number of benefits paid to parents whose little ones had met with accident in the home, at school and at play.

Put yourself right

You have a home, you have responsibility, you have those little worries about what might happen. Why not put your mind at ease?

If you are not already a registered reader, put yourself right for the future by qualifying for all the benefits set forth on pages 2 and 3.

An insurance such as this would cost 25s. if taken out through an insurance company. We offer it to you free.

If you are already a registered reader there is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

A Happy New Year, then—and remember that a stroke of the pen on page 27 will make it happier still.

"John Bull's" Sensational Pen Offer

ONLY 8 DAYS MORE

You have still this one last chance. Read what thousands of delighted readers say on page 31 and then send in your application.

19 and 31
PRIZES OF £10
PRIZES OF £5
FIFTY NEW YEAR CHEQUES and BIG BULLETS FIRST
2ND PRIZE £50 500 PRIZES OF 2/6
£400
3RD PRIZE £25 3000 "TARGET" PRIZES

START 1931 WITH A BIG WIN!

IN comes a New Year of big *Bullets* prizes, to the peal of the bells of Long Acre! Listen to their message, the news that over fifty fine cheques are ready for despatch from JOHN BULL's office.

For this unique New Year contest, launched on the first day of 1931, we offer appropriate batches of nineteen *Bullets* "Tenners" and thirty-one *Bullets* "Fivers," capped by a bumper First Prize of £400. Despite these big attractions, you have no extra time to enter; only until Saturday, January 10, does this opportunity await you. Start this very evening and spend an absorbing half-hour with the *Bullets Examples*.

You have only to choose one of these *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. Here is a specimen. Suppose you choose the *Example* WHAT PARLIAMENT'S DOING, the added words CONSIDERING CHANGES—ELECTORS, ALSO would complete a typical *Bullet*.

The prize *Bullets* below taken from a recent winning list will further guide you along the road to success.

DANGEROUS GAME—MAKING GAME OF DANGER.

ON THE WESTMINSTER FRONT—ELECTION'S "BATTLE-CRY" FORGOTTEN.

This is the day for good resolutions—let yours be to enter some good *Bullets* by Saturday, January 10.

Choose from these "Examples"

WHAT PARLIAMENT'S DOING
BABY 1931
SAFER NOW
QUESTION FOR THE SCIENTIST
LIFE IS SWEET WHEN
AT THE MOMENT
CAPTURES OUR IMAGINATION
HIS OPPONENT
APPEALS TO SHOWDEN
IMPUDENCE
SWEATED LABOUR
MATTERS LITTLE
TO HER FACE
ONE LONG STRUGGLE
ETERNAL YOUTH
INCURABLE OPTIMIST
ON YOUR OWN
PRETTY PASS
AS FAR AS POSSIBLE
VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS
HE SPOKE HIS MIND AND
SLOWING DOWN
SEX APPEAL
MILES AHEAD
HARD
DESERVES SUCCESS
NO ENTERPRISE
IN THESE TIMES
CONTENT
MAKES ME ANXIOUS
NEVER FOUND
SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHY

The result of Competition No. 785 ("Bullets" Big Christmas Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale on Thursday, January 8.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be clearly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
4. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO SCORE IN 1931

TO celebrate the New Year, *Bullets Bulletin* has made another big step forward, and in its new form you will find this weekly budget of Bullets help even brighter and more absorbing than ever.

"The advice given weekly in *Bullets Bulletin* forms a guide post which competitors cannot afford to ignore," says Mrs. Henderson, of Edinburgh, a recent winner of 1,000 Guineas, and a regular reader of our free help for "Bulleteers."

Scores of other winners have attributed prizes in 1930 to the aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, so if you aim at a big success in 1931 why not avail yourself of its assistance?

In addition to hints, winning methods, causes of failure, etc., you will now find in *Bullets Bulletin* a new free £10-a-week contest for regular readers.

Bullets Bulletin can be yours every Thursday for the mere cost of postage. To make sure of this regular weekly supply, use the coupon provided. If, however, you wish to see a specimen copy before ordering, apply on a penny postcard bearing your name and address, directed as shown on coupon.

Advance "Examples" for "Bullets" Competition No. 788.

Another Government—Dust And Dirt—Open On Sunday—His Record—Not Much—Keep Cool And—Lost In The Rush—For The Best—Spreading—Girl I Hate—Head Of The Firm—Right Through—Bad Salesman—Suppressed—Despite All Protests—Free From Worry—In The Wrong—In Life's Gamble—Throwing Up The Sponge—It May Be That—Suddenly Remembered—A Square Deal—In Sunny Spain—A Sick Man—Obsolete—Giving—Unless Things Improve—Why She Was Cold—For Cash—After The Motorist—Half-heartedly—Trembling In The Balance.

(Closing Saturday, January 17.)

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 784 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Auld, 94, Main Street, Newmilnes, Ayrshire.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 10
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(787) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 10
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(787) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 10
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(787) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 10
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(787) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 787, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 787 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

BOVRIL

PREVENTS COLD FEET

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